

THE ANTIOCH NEWS.

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NO 23

FARMERS' INSTITUTE A SUCCESS

J. E. Barrett, of Prairie View is Elected President of the Farmers' Institute

IMPORTANT PLANS TALKED

Under the New Plan There Will be One Active Worker From Each Town

The annual Lake county Farmers' institute closed last Friday, February 6, at Gurnee. Meetings have been held this year at Prairie View, Rockefeller, Russell and Gurnee, at all of these places the attendance has been large probably will break the record, the interest has been keen and the addresses the very best; the officers in charge are to be commended for the arrangements and the choice of speakers. That their efforts have been appreciated is evidenced by the satisfaction that has been expressed by those most interested in the promotion of the interests of the farmers. There has been much friendly discussion which is one of the most healthy of indications, speakers have been challenged for some of their statements and have been obliged to make good any assertions that may have seemed out of the ordinary.

At all of the meeting local talent had taken an important part in all the programs. Mr. Mason of Elgin, one of the best known dairymen of Illinois, has been present at all meetings and has given some of the best instruction and advice that could be given to milk producers. One of the members of the Chicago board of health and the chemist of the board were present at Gurnee and made sediment bacteria tests of many samples of milk; their work created much interest and the tests were eagerly watched by those interested; this feature of the institute's should be continued next year as the work is of vital interest to Lake county dairymen.

Mrs. H. A. McKeene of Springfield the president of the Domestic Science department of the Farmers Institute was a speaker at all the places and her addresses and instruction were greatly appreciated by women in attendance.

Mr. E. A. White of the Farm Mechanics department of the State University at Urbana and a son of David White of Antioch, handled his subject of "Improvements for the Farm Home," very ably; he is considered an authority on that subject and his talks were well received.

Rodney B. Swift of Libertyville, a recruit to the ranks of institute workers, is a pleasing speaker and has something worth while to say at all times; his great interest and ability make him a valuable addition to the working force for better things for the farming communities.

The president elected for next year is J. E. Barrett of Prairie View, he succeeds A. E. Jack who is now secretary of the Milk Producers association and lives in Chicago. Mr. Barrett is a successful farmer, is aggressive and awake to the interest of the rural neighborhoods. His motto is: "The Best is None too Good for Lake County."

Leslie S. Bonner of Millburn, was re-elected secretary; to his efforts, more than anyone's is due the success of the institutes for the last few years; it was his request that he be excused from further service but the unanimous vote of the gathering induced him to change his mind.

C. Ames of Grayslake was re-elected treasurer.

In the organization of the board of directors a change has been introduced; in the future one member will be elected from each town under the title of vice-president. It is hoped that this body will be the boosters of the association, will give publicity to the meetings in their own neighborhoods and use their influence to support for the association. In the selection of the members of this committee an effort was made to have all interests represented, among the number will be found the wealthy agriculturist, the dairyman, the stock breeder and the merchant.

A large number of the members are

(Continued on page four)

VOLO WOMEN WILL GET HEAVIER PUNISHMENT

The five Volo women who recently were found guilty of riding Mrs. John Richardson on a rail and who a few days ago were fined \$100 and costs each by Circuit Judge Donnelly are not to be allowed to escape with this punishment if Mrs. Richardson has anything to say about the matter as her attorneys have made arrangements to have Mrs. Richardson's \$100,000 suit against the Volo women come to trial in circuit court at the March term.

Mrs. Richardson is represented by Robert Cantwell and Forest G. Smith, two well known Chicago attorneys and by E. V. Orvis of Waukegan. Mr. Orvis has received notice that he has been selected as the Waukegan council and he was instructed to take the necessary steps to have the case come to trial at the next term of the court.

Mrs. Richardson claims that the alleged treatment she received at the hands of Volo women vigilantes and the damage to her reputation entitles her to the damages she asks. The case promises to be fully, if not more sensational, than the original hearing on a criminal charge.

Friends of Mrs. Richardson declare that the fact that the Volo women were found guilty of the criminal charge and were given heavy fines which they must pay or go to jail unless Judge Donnelly takes pity on them, aids Mrs. Richardson's civil suit. They say it will be necessary merely to bring out the same testimony in the damage action.

The Volo women all protest they have no money to pay the fines assessed against them. How they could pay any damages that might be returned against them is hard to see.

Dies on Necessary Trip

John McCann, a man of 50 years, who for the past year had lived in a small shack near the blacksmith shop at Russell, died in the Jane McAlister hospital, Waukegan, Monday evening at 8 o'clock from pneumonia, with which it had been found he was suffering since the previous Thursday.

McCann had lived in the village a year, living alone, being the town's only "real bachelor who 'batched it.' Lately, however, he happened to have a friend staying with him and the friend was there when McCann was taken sick with pneumonia. His condition grew worse and finally on Monday it was decided that his shack was no place for him and he was bundled up and sent to Waukegan.

Venomous Mexican Scorpions.

There are several varieties of scorpions in Mexico, some of them exceedingly venomous and others little feared. In the neighborhood of Tepic the virulent centurus gracillia abounds, but it is little known about the more northern state of Sonora. It is one of the most venomous creatures in the world.

Will Save His Money.

"We must try to keep business out of politics," said the patriotic citizen. "Yes," replied Mr. Dustin Stax, "and I'm going to help you. I'm not going to have any more candidates afraid to speak to me on the street simply because I subscribed to their campaign funds."—Washington Star.

Character Told by the Hair.

Men with fine dark brown hair make the best husbands. They are alert, thoughtful and unselfish. The man whose hair turns gray early in life is almost invariably a good fellow. He is likely to be nervous but intelligent and very honorable.

Fixed for Life.

"It's lucky I should meet you, Smith. There's a little bill you owe Timkins, the tailor. He's commissioned me to collect it." "Has he, old man? Well, I'm glad you've got a permanent job at last."—London Tatler.

The Hard Knocks.

"This old world at best is only an anvil and life a sor of Plutonian blacksmith that, with varying blows, strikes us into form. The blow that hurts us most may shape us best."—Exchange.

How It Happened.

Ethel—"Did you know Josie had thrown Frank over?" Mabel—"Goodness, no! Why?" Ethel—"Oh, the wretch stopped calling and writing, and all that, I understand."—Judge.

Daily Thought.

Never bear more than one kind of trouble at a time. Some people bear three—all they have now, all they ever had, and all they ever expect to have.

COUNTY MOVE MADE AGAINST LIQUOR SALES

All County Towns Have Filed Petitions For Local Option Fight in the Spring

WILL FIGHT 145 SALOONS

Hot Campaign is Looked For and Many Speakers Will be in the Field In Each Township

Friday, Feb. 6, was the last day of which petitions under the local option law could be filed, giving the voters a chance to vote on the prohibition question on April 7th next, and as a result of the final date being passed now, it develops that these towns in Lake county, having filed petitions with sufficient number of signers, will vote on election day as to whether the sale of liquor will continue in the township or be done away with by the law:

Waukegan, 888 signers.
Lake Villa, 63 signers.
Libertyville, 159 signers.
Wauconda, 54 signers.
Antioch, 167 signers.
Vernon, sufficient signers.
Avon, 132 signers.
Grant, 52 signers.
Ela, sufficient signers.
West Deerfield, 43 signers.

In other words, every township in Lake county where there are now saloons will vote on the question of "shall we be 'dry' or not."

The existence of 145 saloons is the issue!

Shall the county be "dry" in its entirety? Or, how many of the ten present "wet" towns shall remain "wet" and how many shall go "dry?"

Inquiry made shows some interesting facts in connection with the movement to make the entire county "dry," for that's what it means in case the Prohibitionists should carry every township election on April 7th—it would mean that there would not be a licensed saloon left in Lake county for the Prohibition forces have seen to it that every township where saloons now exist will fight out the issue and fight it to a finish.

When one stops to think that every township in Lake county where there are saloons is to "go to the mat" on this big issue, it shows how important the matter is. If a person intimidated a few years ago that such a thing was possible people would probably have said "you're crazy." But, such is the fact—the whole country is facing the issue squarely through the local option law.

It was expected that Waukegan, Libertyville, Avon and possibly Antioch would be included in the list, but Grant it was hardly expected by the "wets" that that township would also be included. But it was—52 signatures were all that were needed, there having been 203 votes cast at the left election. Thus the issue will be fought hard in Grant and resort owners naturally will line up against making the township "dry" as they claim it means they will be forced out of business.

The "drys" figure that the resort business will be better without saloons than with them. And thus the matter stands, the votes on April 7th to decide the matter.

Gets Three Year Sentence

Arthur Carey, 38 years old, of Chicago was sentenced to three years at Fort Leavenworth prison for violation of the Mann white slave act. Laura Flecker, 18 years old of Silverlake, Wis., was the girl whom Carey was convicted of transporting to Minneapolis for immoral purposes. Federal Judge F. A. Geiger said that the case brought to light the most flagrant violation of the law since its enactment, but out of sympathy for the wife and three children of the convicted man, now living in Chicago, he gave only a light sentence. Chicago officials were also after Carey on a similar charge.

Surprised Explorer.

An African explorer found a very modern American sewing machine being operated by a woman in a native village in the heart of the dark continent.

MID-WINTER MEET OF TEACHERS TO BE AT LAKE FOREST

The mid-year meeting of Lake county teachers is announced for Friday, February 20, at Lake Forest. An unusually strong program is presented and the day should be one of pleasure and profit to the teachers.

One of the advantages offered will be the opportunity to visit the beautiful school buildings in Lake Forest; the John J. Halsey school was opened last year and has as many attractions as the older building the Gordon school.

In the kindergarten department Miss Edith Harvey with the assistance of Misses Millar and Wenban, will give an hour's demonstration of games, singing and hand work with the little folks.

The pupils of the upper grades will give a stereopticon exercise, having as their subject the 'Masters of the World.'

Mr. H. L. Walker who has been in charge of the instruction in music in the schools of Lake Forest for several years will have several of the classes sing for the teachers.

Miss Margaret Peters teacher of gymnastics in the London avenue school Highland Park, is to bring two of her classes and will give an exhibition of the work that is done in that school.

Pres. L. C. Lord of the Eastern Illinois Normal school at Charleston, Illinois, will be the speaker of the day, speaking in the morning and afternoon. Mr. Lord is regarded as one of the most able speakers among Illinois school men and the teachers are to be congratulated on having the opportunity of hearing him.

Col. George Shields of New York, the president of the League of American Sportsmen will lecture in the afternoon. Mr. Shields will use a stereopticon and will show about one hundred beautifully colored slides depicting bird and wild animal life.

Woodmen Elect Delegates

Lake county Woodmen this week are holding their annual meetings for the purpose of electing delegates to the county convention to be held at Antioch Wednesday, April 1st. There will be one delegate to every twenty-five members in the order, and as there are about 2,500 members in Lake county, it is seen the number of delegates chosen will be about 100. Then, this county convention will elect five delegates to the state convention which will be held at Rock Island, Wednesday, May 6th.

Inquiry as to the status of the rate question in Lake county reveals the fact that the chances are no Lake county camp will take formal action on the matter unless it be that the county camp instructs its delegates to vote for candidates for officers who either oppose or favor the proposed rate change. The Lake county camps as a whole have always opposed the rate changes hence, if instructions are given, it surely will be in opposition to the proposed raise.

Sudden Death of Harvey Wilton

Sunday afternoon Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Wilton received the sad news of the death of their youngest son, Harvey, at his home at Uica, Neb. Up to the present time few particulars have been learned, it being only known that he was ill but a couple of hours and that his death was due to heart trouble. In our next publication we will be able to give more definite information.

In One Way She Resembles Mother.

A young man on the South Side, newly married, was asked if his wife could make pie like his mother used to make. "Well, I don't know about that," he said, "but she can make about the same 'holer' when I track mud into the house."—Kansas City Star.

Costly Justice.

A colored gentleman, on trial for his life in a remote Tennessee town, was asked by the judge if he had anything to say, whereupon he replied: "All I has to say is this, Judge: If you hang me, you hangs the best bass singer in Tennessee."—Everybody's Magazine.

Bather Spoiled the Effect.

"My wife was to give a rose tea, everything scented with roses." "A delicate conceit." "Yes, but things went wrong. The people in the next flat took that occasion to have onions and cabbage."—Kansas City Journal.

Varying Effects of Diet.

The heart of the vegetarian is said to beat on an average of 58 beats to the minute, while that of the meat eater averages 72, a difference of 20,000 beats in 24 hours.

ZION WOMAN BADLY HURT BY CAR

Mrs. Adam Johnson, Age 40, Dies in Hospital, No Medical Aid is Allowed

ELDER AND HUSBAND PRAY

Her Husband Has no Chance For Damages When Efforts to Save Her Life Were Refused

Mrs. Adam Johnson, aged 40, a devout follower of Voliva, was struck by an electric car at 33rd street station, Zion City, Monday morning at 6 o'clock and death resulted at 10:30 in the McAlister hospital whether she was rushed after the accident.

The possibility of saving her life through surgical resources and application of scientific treatment was prevented by the appearance of Elder Robins of Zion City and the unwillingness of her husband to permit Dr. Knight, the company's surgeon, to administer even the simplest medical treatment. Thus, she died in the hospital, the first case of the kind in years where a surgeon stood helplessly by, willing yet prevented from doing anything to save the unfortunate victim.

The woman was the mother of a 16-year old daughter, and had been employed at Lake Forest as laundress; she was enroute there when the accident occurred. With her husband she had gone to the station to take the electric car south. He was going to Waukegan. They saw the southbound car approaching and when it was about time to cross from the depot to the south-bound platform, they started across the tracks, the husband preceding. They failed to note the approaching express car from the south, and while the husband got safely across the woman was hit by the car which was going 45 miles an hour. She was thrown 50 feet, when picked up was terribly hurt and unconscious.

The elder and her husband started praying fervently and the woman herself regained partial consciousness a number of times and seemed to join feebly in their prayers. She did not ask for medical assistance.

Dr. Knight, as the company's physician, endeavored to give her the necessary assistance.

His first desire was to give her a salt solution but the elder protested.

"You wouldn't refuse her a glass of water, would you?" asked Dr. Knight. Hesitatingly, the elder replied: "No." "Well, this salt solution I desire to give in an effort to revive her, is nothing more than salt water," explained the doctor.

"But, we don't care to have her given any medical assistance or have a doctor attend her," explained the elder. "If God wants her, he continued, 'he will take her anyway.'"

"Well, that's a mighty fine religion you have," said the doctor, willing to help her, but powerless seeing that the husband backed up the elder, for that's what he did.

It was the intention of the surgeon to administer the salt solution and bring her back to her senses, then, if advisable, operate on her limbs, but the resistance of the husband and elder in preventing him, made his services unavailing and the woman died, as was expected would be the case if not properly treated.

In face of the refusal to let the company's surgeon attend the injured woman, Johnson has removed any possible chance of getting damages for his wife's death. Under the circumstances, no jury would give a verdict against the company when efforts to save her life through modern means, was absolutely refused. So Johnson has lost his wife and also any possible monetary damages he might have recovered otherwise.

Institute Wants \$300

The board of supervisors many years ago appropriated \$75 a year for the Farmers' Institute of Lake county, but the institute held last week under the auspices of the association, adopted a resolution asking the board to increase the annual appropriation to \$300. This resolution was adopted unanimously at the closing session.

LA PLANT-DALGAARD WEDDING OCCURS WEDNESDAY NOON

The LaPlant home in Antioch was the scene on Wednesday noon February 11, 1914, of one of the prettiest weddings that has ever been held in this community. At this time their daughter Miss Linda Ruby, became the bride of Mr. Andrew C. Dalgaard.

Nothing was omitted to make the occasion pleasant and to start this worthy young couple out in the married relations under the most favorable conditions. Rev. Stixrud performed the impressive ceremony. The bride was gown in pale blue messaline and looked her prettiest.

They were attended by Mr. Thould Laursen and Mr. Harry Radtke and the Misses Bertha LaPlant, sister of the bride, and Marie Savage, cousin of the bride from Kenosha, Wis., who were beautifully gown in pale pink messaline. The wedding march "Love and Flowers," was played by Mrs. O. E. Savage of Kenosha, Wis.

After the ceremony and congratulations, the company enjoyed a wedding feast at which all the delicacies of the season were served.

A large number of beautiful and substantial tokens of respect were awarded the happy couple.

The bride was born and brought up in Antioch and has been a favorite in the community. The groom has made Antioch his home for a number of years and is a highly respected young man.

Mrs. Dalgaard is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Sol LaPlant, who are among the best known residents of Antioch. She is an accomplished young lady, is a lover of home life and will make the LaPlant farm a hospitable place, as they have rented the farm of the bride's father and will be at home to their friends in their new home as soon as the house is finished, which will be about March first.

Roman Catholic Church for Zion

Although the greatest secrecy has been maintained up to the present time it was learned this week, upon good authority that arrangements have been practically completed to launch a Roman Catholic church in Zion City, and most unusual of all, it will be located almost under the nose of Wilber Glenn Voliva, providing the promoters are successfully in securing the site for which they are negotiating.

The site selected is on Shiloh boulevard on the large tract of land adjoining the property formerly occupied by John Alexander Dowie. Just how far the deal has progressed cannot be learned, owing to the secrecy being maintained, but those on the inside declare it is practically closed.

Death Claims Infant Child

Last Monday morning death claimed the youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Drom, after an illness of only a few days, peritonitis, being the cause.

James Arthur as he was called was three years, six months and nine days old and was the youngest in the home, and his death is a sad blow to the family. The funeral services were held at the home at 1:30 o'clock and at the M. E. church at 2 o'clock Wednesday afternoon, with Rev. Stixrud in charge and a large cortege in attendance. The remains being carried to its last resting place by two uncles and two cousins. The burial was at the Liberty cemetery. Mr. and Mrs. Drom have the sympathy of all in their bereavement.

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Solemn Thing.

When you have time to do it, think of the number of men who live to be sixty years of age without ever being called dozens of anything.

BANK HEAD JAILED

PRESIDENT RAINE OF WRECKED
MEMPHIS INSTITUTION
ADMITS HIS GUILT.

SHORTAGE IS NEAR MILLION

Defaulter Goes to Jail Willingly and
Makes No Effort to Get Bail—Cot-
ton Speculation Causes His
Downfall.

Memphis, Tenn., Feb. 11.—Acting under supervision of J. L. Hutton, state superintendent of banks and receiver for the Mercantile bank, officers of the institution, which closed its doors Monday morning, are examining the books in an effort to determine the exact amount of shortage, for which C. Hunter Raine, president of the bank, asserts he alone is responsible.

General indications are, it is said, that the audit will show a deficit in the neighborhood of \$1,000,000.

Mr. Raine has made no effort to give bail, according to attaches of the criminal court. He was arrested on a bench warrant charging embezzlement of \$788,804.76 of the bank's funds, and was taken to the county jail.

The bank president was escorted before Judge Palmer by Sheriff Tate and Deputy Sheriff M. W. Palmer. Taking the warrant under which the banker was arrested and which was sworn out by Attorney General Estes, the court read the document to Mr. Raine and asked him if he had anything to say.

"I am guilty," replied the banker. "Mr. Attorney General," continued the court, "what bond do you recommend?"

Before the attorney general could reply the banker interrupted with: "I don't want to give bond; I want to go to jail."

He was taken to the jail by Deputy Sheriff Palmer.

Criminal proceedings against the banker came as the culmination of the bank's failure.

The bank was officially closed following an order by the board of directors, who subsequently filed a bill in chancery, charging C. Hunter Raine, president of the institution, with having lost, through cotton speculations, \$788,804.76 of the bank's funds.

CANAL OFFICIAL SUSPENDED

Manager of Commissary Department
Is Charged With Having Ac-
cepted Gratuities.

Panama, Feb. 11.—Col. George W. Goethals, chairman of the Panama canal commission, suspended John Burke, manager of the commissary department.

Colonel Goethals' action came at the conclusion of the hearings which gave Burke a chance to clear himself of the charges that he had accepted gratuities and had been guilty of irregular business transactions. Colonel Goethals also suspended W. F. Shipley, chief clerk of the subsistence department, the reason given being "incompetence."

When Colonel Goethals confronted Burke with the evidence the latter declared:

"I can look you or any other man in the eye and tell you I am innocent. I have never taken a cent of money in my life, and I will go before any court for vindication."

Washington, Feb. 11.—Colonel Goethals, at the direction of Secretary Garrison, will turn Burke's case over to the United States attorney at New York.

New York, Feb. 11.—United States District Attorney H. Snowden Marshall said that part of the documentary evidence in the Burke case had already been forwarded to him, and that as soon as he received the rest he would take action.

SENATE VOTES BIG WAR FUND

Increases Are Made to Meet Possible
Estimate for Army of 500,000
Men.

Washington, Feb. 11.—The senate passed the fortification appropriation bill carrying \$5,895,200 and materially increasing the house appropriations for artillery and ammunition. Senator Bryan said the increases were made to meet as nearly as possible the estimate for an army of 500,000 men.

"If there are only 75,000 men in the army now, why should we have an army of 500,000 men?" asked Senator Sheppard.

"So as to be prepared for war," replied Senator Bryan. "While we had only 20,000 men operating around San Diego in the Spanish-American war, we had about 250,000 men enlisted. With this allowance of guns America still would have fewer guns per man than any other first class power. We would have about the same proportion as Bulgaria and Serbia. We should remember it takes years to make these guns."

U. S. Army Aviator Killed.

San Diego, Cal., Feb. 11.—Lieut. H. B. Post, of the Wright camp of the aero corps, U. S. A., fell 500 feet into the bay and was instantly killed. Lieutenant Post was taken from the bay dead half an hour after he fell.

Senate Body Favors Lobinger.

Washington, Feb. 11.—The nomination of Charles S. Lobinger of Nebraska, named by President Wilson to be judge of the United States consular court in China, was reported favorably by the senate judiciary committee.

TAMPICO AGAIN THREATENED BY THE REBELS



Citizens of Tampico gathering in alarmed crowds to discuss the news that the Mexican rebels are again advancing to attack that city. American warships were hurried there from Vera Cruz.

SCHMIDT MUST DIE

FORMER PRIEST, CONVICTED OF
MURDER, IS UNCONCERNED.

Will Go to Electric Chair—Brutal Kill-
ing of Anna Aumuller, Was Com-
mitted on September 2.

New York, Feb. 7.—Hans Schmidt, former priest, was found guilty of murder in the first degree Thursday for killing Anna Aumuller, a young woman he had married through a self-performed ceremony while acting as a priest at St. Joseph's church.

The penalty for the crime is death in the electric chair at Sing Sing prison. He will be sentenced next Wednesday.

Schmidt, whose defense was insanity, laughed bitterly when the verdict was pronounced. He had steadfastly declared himself guilty and at his arraignment before being held for the supreme court pleaded that he be punished by death. Later he protested against the insanity defense advanced by his counsel, and said he would not assist them in any way if they prepared an appeal.

This was the second trial and the jury was out a few minutes less than five hours. At the first trial the jury disagreed. Allistons for the prosecution and defense supplied most of the testimony at both trials.

A. G. Koelbe of Schmidt's counsel asserted after the verdict that owing to the former priest's persistent silence concerning the crime it had not been possible to place all the facts before the jury. He said Schmidt was not guilty of murder, but had shielded a physician after the woman's death. She was not murdered, the lawyer declared.

"Father Schmidt will never go to the electric chair," he added.

SPARKS FROM
THE WIRE

Lima, Peru, Feb. 6.—The Peruvian army mutinied here on Wednesday and joined the revolutionists who have been besieging the city for several days. The government was overthrown within an hour after the soldiers mutinied by the capture of President Guillermo Billinghurst.

Alexandria, Ind., Feb. 7.—The Elks' home here, a three-story brick building in the business center of the city, was destroyed by fire. The loss is estimated at \$50,000.

New York, Feb. 7.—Forty tenants had narrow escapes in an incendiary fire which swept through the five-story apartment house at 100 West Seventy-first street.

Washington, Feb. 7.—President Wilson favors an exhibit by the United States at the exposition to be held by Panama in celebration of the opening of the canal.

Galt, Ontario, Feb. 7.—The plant of the Shurly-Dietrich company, bed manufacturers, was destroyed by fire with \$200,000 loss.

Williamson, W. Va., Feb. 9.—Daniel Adams was shot dead by William Ackerman, whom he had mortally wounded in a quarrel at Matawan. The two had been playing cards.

Kalamazoo Bars Sunday Concerts.

Kalamazoo, Mich., Feb. 10.—Even though the money raised was going to be used for a death benefit, members of the council have refused to allow the musicians' association to give a sacred concert on Sunday.

Kilbane Pounds Kid Thomas.

Philadelphia, Feb. 10.—Johnny Kilbane, master of all featherweight boxers, again demonstrated to the fight fans that he is champion when he gave "Kid" Thomas of this city a bad beating in six rounds.

13 MEN FACE PRISON

NEW YORK SUPREME COURT UP-
HOLDS OLD LAW AT TRIAL
OF POULTRY DEALERS.

DEFENDANTS ARE WEALTHY

Law Fifty Years Old Is Invoked to
Send Violators to Cells for Three
Months for Forming Combine to
Restrain Trade.

New York, Feb. 9.—The supreme court of the appellate division upheld on Friday the conviction of 13 members of the "poultry trust" for violating the laws of New York by forming a combination to restrain trade. The 13 defendants, several of them millionaires, must serve a three months' prison term on Blackwell's island and pay a fine of \$500 each.

They were convicted under a law that has been on the books of New York for fifty years. This is the first time that a trust magnate was ever sentenced to prison for personal guilt.

The men who must serve sentences are Irving V. Dwyer and A. G. Dwyer of Bayonne, N. J.; Charles Westberg of Rosedale, N. J.; W. W. Smith of Roselle, N. J.; Charles R. Jewell of Belmar, N. J.; James R. Norris of Brooklyn; William H. Morris of Sea Cliff, N. Y.; Charles T. Hawk of Newark, N. J.; Charles Thatcher of Belmar, N. J.; Clenden Bishop of Totenville, N. Y.; Samuel Werner of New York city; Solomon Frankel of New York city; and Charles Werner of Edgemere, N. Y.

The decision of the appellate division opens a way for the prosecution of other combinations doing a local business, or whose agreements in restraint of trade were made in this jurisdiction.

PRISON URGED FOR RAIL MEN

Senator Borah Says If Reports Are
True Deal Is Criminal—New In-
quiry Is Requested.

Washington, Feb. 9.—Fear of granting immunity to witnesses caused the interstate commerce commission to make an incomplete investigation of the affairs of the New York, New Haven & Hartford railroad, Senator Norris said on Friday, in urging passage of his resolution for a new inquiry into several features not touched in the recent investigation. Senator Norris read newspaper charges emphasizing particularly that attorneys for Morgan & Co. received \$15,000 for drawing the incorporation papers of a \$1,000 subsidiary of the New Haven.

"If half the information made public about the New Haven transactions is true eight or ten persons ought to be in the penitentiary," interjected Senator Borah. "Are you not afraid further investigation may give immunity to guilty persons?"

Senator Norris replied that testimony probably could be obtained from bookkeepers and he had no objection to giving them immunity.

Dog Leads to Drowned Child.

Ardmore, Okla., Feb. 9.—A dog led James Rivers, a farmer of Durwood, to a creek, where Rivers found the body of his three-year-old son. The lad and the dog had been out together.

Travis Wins Golf Tourney.

Palm Beach, Fla., Feb. 10.—By winning the Lake Worth golf tournament Walter J. Travis of Garden City repeated his victories of 1912 and 1913. Travis defeated John Naething, Englewood, 3 and 2.

U. S. Tug With Thirty Is Missing.

Norfolk, Va., Feb. 10.—All wireless stations along the Atlantic are sending out appeals for news of the naval tug Potomac which went out to try to rescue crews of two schooners. The tug carries 30 men.

ALIEN BILL IS HALTED

ANTI-ASIATIC LEGISLATION IS
STOPPED BY BRYAN.

Secretary of State Makes Personal
Appeal to Raker of California
Not to Press Measure.

Washington, Feb. 7.—Secretary of State Bryan prevented all Asiatic exclusion legislation at the present session of congress with a statement to the house immigration committee on Thursday that any agitation of the subject would involve present diplomatic relations between this country and Japan and Mexico.

As an indication that the Japanese and Mexican problems are directly related and extremely acute, the secretary of state pledged members of the committee to secrecy before he started to tell of the Japanese complications and the work of state department to preserve peace. The committee stenographer was excluded from the room.

Mr. Bryan made a personal plea to Representative Raker of California not to press his Japanese exclusion bill at this time because it would embarrass the administration in its efforts to allay anti-American sentiment in Japan.

The committee, through Chairman Burnett, told Mr. Bryan action on the Raker bill and on all Asiatic exclusion legislation propositions would be suspended until recommendations shall be received from the state department.

PANKHURST QUILTS MILITANTS

Suffragette Leader's Daughter Sylvia
Leaves Woman's Social and
Political Union.

London, Feb. 9.—Sylvia Pankhurst, daughter of Mrs. Emmeline Pankhurst, has quit militancy. She announced her secession from the Woman's Social and Political Union, the militant organization of which her mother is the head and her sister Christabel one of the leaders, on Friday. Sylvia Pankhurst will hereafter confine her efforts to her work with the East End of London federation, which has heretofore been a branch of the parent organization. Because of Mrs. Pankhurst's weakened condition from her prison sentences it is feared that the shock may have a serious result.

"SMILING BOB" PASSES AWAY

Representative Bremner of New Jersey Dies Before His Labor Bills Are Passed.

Washington, Feb. 7.—Representative "Bob" Bremner of New Jersey died in Baltimore on Thursday, his dearest wish unsatisfied. For weeks Bremner, racked with the pain of cancer, had worked on his bill for the creation of a bureau of labor safety in the department of labor. The measure was to create new standards of safety for workmen. Bremner hoped he would live to see its approval by the house.

New Zeppelin Airship Tested.

Potsdam, Germany, Feb. 9.—The latest military Zeppelin airship attained an average speed of sixty-five miles an hour on her eight-hour trial trip from Friedrichshafen.

Asks Law to Aid Labor Men.

New York, Feb. 10.—John Mitchell, in an address here, made a strong plea for the passage of a law compelling employers to recognize the right of the workman to one day's rest out of every seven.

Vanderbilt Yacht Is Total Loss.

Galveston, Tex., Feb. 10.—A wireless message from Panama says that efforts to float the wrecked Vanderbilt yacht Warrior have proved futile. The yacht has been abandoned as a total loss.

NINE AMERICANS DIE

TRAIN PLUNGES INTO TUNNEL
SET AFIRE BY BANDITS—FORTY
MEXICANS PERISH.

BRYAN GETS REBEL GUARD

Has Consul Send Troops Ahead of
United States Men Seeking Bodies
of Victims—Huerta's Men Slay
American Millionaire.

Cumbre, Chihuahua, Feb. 10.—Many charred bones and several metal buttons and buckles from clothing were the only traces discovered of the bodies of the 40 passengers and crew of the train wrecked in the Cumbre tunnel of the Mexico & Northwestern railway Wednesday night.

A rescue party equipped with oxygen helmets to guard them against the effects of the smoke and fumes of the still smoldering wreckage made their way from the south portal of the tunnel, over the wreckage of the burned freight train to the locomotive and forward cars of the passenger train on Sunday. Nothing remained of the cars but the metal frames and trucks, and it is believed that the bodies of the imprisoned passengers must have been completely destroyed by the intense heat.

The crew of the freight train escaped and placed the blame on Castillo's bandits.

Juarez, Feb. 10.—Nine Americans and 40 or more Mexicans, whose fate has been a mystery since the burning of the Cumbre tunnel by bandits, were suffocated. The tragedy is ascribed to Maximo Castillo, bandit leader. A special train carrying 20 Americans, led by W. J. Farragut, 60 coffins and a rescue outfit left Juarez for the scene. The rescue train was prepared early in the evening, but was delayed a short time by a telegram from Secretary of State Bryan, who instructed Consul Edwards to see that a soldier guard preceded it so that the Americans aboard might be protected from possible attack by Castillo. General Benavides provided 300 rebel troops and these were sent ahead of the rescue party on another train.

The exact number of persons aboard the passenger train is not known. First reports put the number at 35, but a request for 75 coffins was made by a searching party led by Dr. F. C. Herr of Madera.

Railroad men are furious at Castillo's act, Tuesday 22 of his men were captured and executed by rebels. The next day, apparently in revenge, he captured a freight train, ran it into the south end of the tunnel about 300 feet and set it on fire, but gave railway men no warning. The passenger train, whose crew was ignorant of danger, entered the death trap from the north while the tunnel was burning. When the engineer discovered the trap it was too late to save his train or passengers. The missing Americans, all employees of the railroad, were: M. J. Gilmarin, superintendent of the Chihuahua division; B. Schofield, superintendent of terminals at Juarez; Lee Williams, assistant manager of commissary; H. F. Marders, express agent; E. J. McCutcheon, engineer; J. E. Webster, conductor; Edward Morris, roadmaster; Thomas Kelly, conductor, and James Burgess.

New York, Feb. 10.—Myles Dobson, American millionaire and owner of oil lands in Mexico, is reported to have been executed by Huerta's troops. Mr. Dobson recently urged intervention in Mexico on President Wilson.

City of Mexico, Feb. 10.—Troops guarded the palace, the arsenal and the artillery barracks on Saturday as a result of reports in the shape of a new revolt in the city against the government of General Huerta. The secret police gathered in several clerks and business men alleged to have been connected with the anti-government conspiracy.

BILL TO TEACH FARMERS

Amendment Permitting Blacks to
Spend Own Share of Allotment
Beaten.

Washington, Feb. 10.—Without the formality of a roll call the senate passed the Smith-Lever agricultural extension bill on Saturday. The only formal vote taken was on the Jones amendment providing that the appropriation given to a state which has separate schools for the whites and negroes shall be divided in a just and equitable manner between them. The amendment was defeated by a vote of 32 to 23. The bill, which already has passed the house, now will go to conference and become law within a couple of weeks. The bill is regarded as of the highest importance not only to the farmers, but to the whole country. It will disseminate among the farmers the information obtained by the various agricultural colleges and by actual demonstration will teach them how to improve and increase their crops. A fixed appropriation of \$10,000 is made for each state.

Eight Men Perish in Fire.

Bombay, Feb. 9.—More than 100 men were trapped in the upper story of a confectionery store in the bazaar when fire broke out in the lower floor. Eight are known to have perished, and more than a score are missing.

Two Shot to Death in Auto.

Greensboro, Pa., Feb. 9.—Sitting upright, the bodies of John McFadden, twenty years old, and Miss Anna Lutz, twenty, were found in an automobile. The authorities believe McFadden killed the girl and then himself.

Sources of Activity.
"How active that old millionaire isn't!"
"Yes; got his agility from side-stepping autos and dodging his taxes."

ITCHING TERRIBLE ON LIMB

R. F. D. No. 3, Clarkfield, Minn.—
"My trouble was of long standing. It started with some small red and yellow spots about the size of a pin head on my leg and every morning there was a dry scale on top covering the affected part and when those scales were falling off the itching was more than I could stand at times. The first year I did not mind it so much as it was only itching very badly at times, but the second year it advanced all around my leg and the itching was terrible. I had to be very careful to have my clothing around the affected part very loose. At night time I often happened to scratch the sore in my sleep. Then I had to stand up, get out of bed and walk the floor till the spell was over."

"I bought lots of salves and tried many different kinds of medicine but without any success. I got a cake of Cuticura Soap and a fifty-cent box of Cuticura Ointment and when I had used them I was nearly over the itching. But I kept on with the Cuticura Soap for six weeks and the cure was complete." (Signed) S. O. Gordon, Nov. 20, 1912.

Cuticura Soap and Ointment sold throughout the world. Sample of each free, with 32-p. Skin Book. Address postcard "Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston."—Adv.

No Exchange.

"I see you brought back the same umbrella you took to the banquet."

"Yes; I didn't see anything better."

Many School Children Are Sickly.
Children who are delicate, feverish and cross will get immediate relief from Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for Children. They cleanse the stomach, act on the liver, and are recommended for complaining children. A pleasant remedy for worms. Used by Mothers for 24 years. At all Druggists, 25c. Sample FREE. Address, A. S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y. Adv.

Our idea of a fussy man is one who isn't on speaking terms with his own conscience half the time.

ARE YOU CONSTIPATED?

Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills have proved their worth for 75 years. Test them yourself now. Send for sample to 873 Pearl St., New York. Adv.

Few things come to those who wait for others to do it for them.

Worms expelled promptly from the human system with Dr. Peery's Vermifuge "Dead Shot." Adv.

Man has always had a tendency to go up in the air.

35 BUSHEL PER ACRE
was the yield of WHEAT

160 ACRES
FARM'S
WESTERN
CANADA
FREE

On many farms in Western Canada, the yield of 35 bushels per acre has been reported as high as 60 bushels per acre. As high as 100 bushels were recorded in some districts for oats.

50 bushels for barley and from 10 to 20 bushels for flax.

J. Keys arrived in the country 5 years ago from Denmark with very little means. He homesteaded, worked hard, is now the owner of 320 acres of land in 1913 had a crop of 200 acres, which will realize him about \$4,000. His wheat weighed 68 lbs. to the bushel and averaged over 35 bushels to the acre.

Thousands of similar instances might be related of the homesteaders in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta.

The crop of 1913 was an abundant one everywhere in Western Canada.

Ask for descriptive literature and reduced railway rates. Apply to Superintendent of Immigration, Ottawa, Canada, or

C. I. Burgess, 117 North Main St., Chicago
M. V. McLean, 118 Jefferson Ave., Detroit
Canadian Government Agent

The Wretchedness
of Constipation

Can quickly be overcome by
**CARTER'S LITTLE
LIVER PILLS.**

Purely vegetable
—act surely and
gently on the
liver. Cure
Biliousness,
Head-
ache,
Dizziness,
Ness, and Indigestion. They do their duty.
SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE.
Genuine must bear Signature

NORTH DAKOTA'S

large farms are being rapidly cut up. We are interested in the movement from a bankers standpoint of increased deposits and will render any assistance possible to prospective purchasers. If you are a diversified farmer, we want you. If you are a Townsman, we want you. We will furnish you information, real estate, where good farms are selling for from \$5.00 to \$10.00 per acre. Write Townsman County Bank, Perth, North Dakota, or write to J. W. Ross, Co., 1271 Plymouth Bldg., Minneapolis, Minn.

ROSS'S PIGEON AND
POULTRY BOOK FREE

We breed all kinds Pigeons, 16 kinds Poultry, to suit you. If you want to know more about Pigeons and Poultry for Profit, write to Ross's Pigeon and Poultry Book. Tells how you can get a pair of Giant French Pigeons for a few hours work. Write today. J. W. ROSS CO., Centralia, Illinois

PARKER'S
HAIR BALM

A toilet preparation of merit.
Helps to eradicate dandruff.
For restoring color and
beauty to gray or faded hair.
50c. and \$1.00 at Druggists.

PISO'S REMEDY
FOR COUGHS AND COLDS

Best Cough Syrup. Twice Dosed. Use
in time. Sold by Druggists.

Co-Operative Farm Products Marketing

How It Is Done in Europe and May Be Done in America to the Profit of Both Farmer and Consumer

By MATHEW S. DUDGEON

(Copyright, 1914, Western Newspaper Union.)

WHY IRISH BUTTER IS GOOD.



The Omagh Co-operative Creamery.

Omagh, County Tyrone, Ireland.—What the city woman needs is butter that is standardized and always of a uniform excellence—butter which comes as fresh and comes as straight as may be from the cow on the farm to the table in the city dining room. With the husband singing in her ears the song of high cost of living—and what husband is not driven to such songs in these days of high prices—she feels that she must get butter that can be bought at something less than the fancy prices charged in the exclusive delicatessen shops to which she is driven in her efforts to insure her family a good grade of butter. Ask her and she will tell you that if co-operation will enable her to get good butter at a price made somewhat less by the elimination of excessive distribution charges then she is heartily for co-operation.

The city man of course, wants a good butter to eat. The farmer wants to make money from his dairy. They have been telling us in America that direct co-operative marketing will give each what he wants; that co-operation has repeatedly accomplished these results where it has been tried in Ireland, in Holland, in Denmark and in Germany. If co-operation will do this, it is well to look into it for good butter is important—and financial profits are worth while. So some of us are over here in Ireland to see if co-operation really is a benefit both to the city eater and to the rural producer.

The co-operative creamery here is turning out good butter—none better anywhere. We think we have found why Irish butter is good, why it brings to the farmer a good price in this city. The butter is good because co-operative creameries use good methods of butter making; because their patrons get good milk from good cows, take good care of it, and deliver it in good condition to the creamery; and lastly because when once made it is hurried off to a consumer before it can get stale. They get a good price for it because it is good butter.

On the other hand, the city gets it at a reasonable price because co-operative marketing in Ireland is direct marketing; because the butter comes quickly and directly from the creamery to the city home with little added expense for much handling by many middlemen.

Why Farm Butter Is Sometimes Bad.
The writer remembers summer butter made from cream skimmed from uncooled milk and kept on the warm pantry shelf during the long hot days until churning time. It was hardly butter—it was in fact commercially ranked "grease." It brought six cents per pound, and as butter was worth less.

Failure to make good butter was inevitable. Nor were the tired farmers' wives to be criticised for the poor results obtained. They had no facilities for keeping the milk and cream clean and cool, no facilities for making butter, no facilities for keeping it.

Co-Operation Lightens Labor.
What the woman on the farm most needs is to be free from the burden of the endless handling of milk, cream and butter, from skimming the milk, and churning the cream and from salting and working and molding the butter—from all the labor entailed in the production of home-made, hand-made butter. She needs it if she is to have any life outside the kitchen and the milk room.

The laborious weariness of the uneventful existence of the farmer's wife has produced many candidates for the insane asylums. More than one worn out unfortunate has been taken into custody because her household duties have chained her to a maddening monotony unrelieved by opportunity for intercourse, and have made impossible any thought above the churn and the cook stove. One Wisconsin farmer's wife was adjudicated by the county judge to be afflicted with insanity. When the judge announced the decision to the husband he was incredulous. "It can't be she's got insanity or anything else," he said. "She's had no chance to catch it. She hasn't set a foot off the farm for 14 years and no neighbor has stayed at our house long enough to give her anything."

If co-operation in the production and marketing of butter will take off even a small part of the burden of the farmers' wife, if it will give her time to straighten up from her work at table and tub and leave her free to remember that she is a human being with a head and a soul, if it will permit her to get off the farm often more than once in 14 years—if co-operation will do this or help by ever so little to do it, the woman on the farm is for co-operation.

An Ungallant Irishman.

We have found one man here in Ireland who is opposed to co-operation. Walking along a country road near Omagh we came upon a shrewd faced Irishman who was very ready to talk about co-operation. He was evidently a man of some intelligence and, judging from his manner and address, a man of some experience and success in business. So we engaged him in conversation about co-operation and its effects.

"I am against it," he said. "There is no sense in it." And he gave us in forcible and picturesque language the story of how he had been personally injured in his business by co-operation. It developed that he had been a buyer of farm produce—a commission merchant in a small way. "Now there is no money in it," he said, "since the margin between what the city man pays and what the farmer receives is cut down. The farmer sells through the co-operative organization directly to the city merchant." Reluctantly he admitted that maybe it was better for the farmer and better for the city consumer who had little with which to buy food. "But it's hard on us commission men. It's putting us on the rocks. I am not buying butter at all any more. The co-operative creamery here has run me out."

We asked him if co-operative butter making did not make the work of the farmer's wife and daughter easier. "Of course it does," he said. "And the good it is doing them. They don't have to skim the milk and churn and mold and salt the butter now and so they go galavanting over the roads on their bicycles. They don't stay home at all any more. They're worse about gadding than city women," and he shook his head with misgivings.

So, if it be true, as our Irish friend in his self pity proclaimed, that co-operative butter making and butter marketing is going to make it cost the consumer less and net the farmer more, we suggest that both maker and eater will be for it, the ex-commission merchant to the contrary notwithstanding. They will both in city and country be interested in seeing co-operation accomplished. Certainly the country woman who feels the burden of butter making will welcome a process by which she is to get an opportunity to see something besides the top of the cook stove and the inside of the big churn. And we do not believe that the ordinary American farmer will object to co-operation even if it does give his wife and daughter time to get out upon the road in buggy or on bicycles.

The Omagh Creamery.

When we learned that the Omagh Co-operative Creamery system of marketing was cutting down the margin of price between farmer and consumer—was both raising the price to the farmer and lowering the price to the consumer, we concluded that it was a concern worth considering. Even the accusation that made it possible for the farmer's wife and daughter to get out on their bicycles occasionally did not unduly prejudice us against it. The Omagh creamery is capitalized by contributions from 600 members who invested from five dollars, up to \$250 each. But the voting is not by shares. It is on the one man one vote plan. The five-dollar man votes just as often and as forcibly as the \$250-dollar man.

The members voting thus elect a board of directors. These in turn have the best man they can get as manager. But he must be more than a butter maker. He must be a good business man and an expert in marketing. No matter how much money is made, it must all go back to the members in proportion to the butter fat delivered to the creamery after a dividend not

exceeding five per cent. is paid to the stockholders. Five per cent. is the limit of profit to shareholders. This is the rule in all co-operative enterprises in Ireland. It is organized primarily that profits may go to the man who brings in the cream. It is not ranked as a particularly fine investment for the shareholder.

Differs From American Creameries.
We find the mechanical processes of butter making much the same as those in the best up-to-date American butter factories. We do find, however, that this co-operative association has had an output that is of more uniform excellence than that of the American factory. Here each member seems to realize more fully than does the American farmer that the utmost vigilance must be exercised in keeping the milk and cream fresh and free from all impurities, that keeping up the quality of the butter is as much his business as the butter-maker's. Therefore he breeds and feeds and cares for his cows and handles his milk on scientific lines suggested by co-operative instructors and inspectors. The farmer is saving his own interests, of course, for a falling off of quality and reputation means a falling off in the price obtained for butter. The creamery tests carefully, not only for butter fat but for freshness and flavor.

Supervision and Inspection.
Then, too, the Irish Agricultural Organization society, which is the central federation of all co-operative societies, inspects the creamery and its output frequently, points out defects and helps to remedy them. The business side is not neglected. The organization society has complete business supervision of the creameries, which must keep their accounts and records in the way and on forms prescribed by this central body. The creameries report to the organization society and their books and accounts are periodically audited by the organization society's auditor.

Co-Operation Does the Work.

In short, the butter is good because of co-operation. The members co-operate with each other and with the Omagh creamery; the Irish Agricultural Organization society co-operates with the Omagh creamery; the Omagh creamery is federated with hundreds of other creameries and is federated with and co-operates with the Irish Wholesale society through which the butter is marketed. It is co-operation everywhere and the object of it all is to produce good butter, to market it in good shape and to get a fair price for it.

Quality and Brands.

But quality after all is the whole thing. If butter is not good no system of marketing, no business methods, no exercise of federated strength, no co-operative endeavor can do anything for it. The Omagh creamery makes good butter and for years has made good butter. It has a well established reputation for good butter which is worth at least one cent for every pound that it makes. In order to be able to collect this cent on each pound it must mark each pound that it sends out.

And printed upon the wrappers and stamped upon the cases is the guaranty of quality: "Guaranteed Pure Centrifugal Creamery Butter, Finest Quality."

Butter Central Label.

But more important still is the authorized label of the Irish Agricultural Organization society issued from its headquarters at the Plunkett house in Dublin. It goes upon only the best of butter. It goes not upon a case or cake or cover, but upon the butter itself. The label is printed upon thin tissue paper. When it is placed upon the butter it is stamped with a die that fixes the label firmly upon and in the butter and tears the paper so that it cannot be removed and used again. This label is guaranteed as carefully as are the coins of the realm. Each has a series number and can be traced to the creamery to which it was delivered. If by any chance it is found upon a poor quality of butter, the butter is at once sent back to the creamery to which the use of that particular label was entrusted.

What We Need in America.

We have plenty of creameries in the United States. Some of them are owned co-operatively by the farmers. But the farmers stop just short of the highest success. The marketing is generally haphazard. The different creameries do not co-operate in selling. Often good butter goes bad before it is sold. No one knows where the demand is greatest today, when the butter should be sent tomorrow. The quality is seldom uniform. Many a good butter maker with good butter making equipment turns out poor butter because the patrons bring in poor cream. The farmers do not co-operatively work for quality. The creamery does not always discriminate between the best fresh cream and cream that is a trifle stale and old. Butter buyers cannot know what they are getting. The name of the creamery upon a package carries no guaranty of quality. It is put on good and bad butter alike.

A Definite Prescription.

What is needed in the United States is, first, creameries supported by farmers working together co-operatively to produce an absolutely uniform high grade product; second, a brand that is authoritatively fixed only on butter of the highest quality after official tests and grading; and third, a central association or federation of creameries that will perform the functions of the Irish Wholesale society and of the Irish Agricultural Organization society. This central federation should control the branding of butter, possibly under state supervision; it should respect and audit and advise with each separate creamery; it should aid in marketing the butter intelligently and economically.

TREE WORSHIPERS IN INDIA

A Form of Religious Devotion Which Has Its Pathetic and Tragical Features.

London.—Not many miles from the great city of Calcutta, India, in the very shadow cast by the telegraph pole—the forerunner of civilization—Incongruous as it is a common sight to see devout worshippers at the shrine of some gnarled old tree stump, but the "Tree Worshipers" of India are many, and their religion dates back eons upon eons.

The photograph shown here is a silent witness to the devoutness of the man and his wife worshipping at this shrine.

To the traveler who comes from a Christian country, this particular form of religion is such an oddity that his curiosity is aroused to the point of in-



Tree Worshipers.

quaintiveness. Through the medium of an interpreter who comes to his assistance the traveler is informed that it is not the tree which is being worshipped, but the spirit which created the tree. This spirit is supposed to be resting under the stone pile built around the base of the tree.

Another form of tree worship is tree marriage. In these days of enlightenment it is almost unbelievable that the marriage of a village belle to a tree should be solemnized with all the pomp and glory of the union of man and wife; yet such is the case. In the very small villages where the female predominates and where the line of caste is markedly drawn, it often happens that there are no males of equal caste to the female whose time has come to marry. Inasmuch as the tree represents a deity who can assume any rank or caste, the parents of a marriageable daughter who has become a burden to the family take her to the village god. The marriage of the girl to the tree-god being solemnized, she is bound to the tree and left either to the mercy of the prowling wild beasts or to be rescued by the first male of a lower caste who is in search of a helpmeet. Usually the prowling wild beast wins the bride of the "tree-god."

HEIRESS KEEPS ON SWEEPING

Wants to Get the Money First—Brother Also Enriched, Is of the Same Mind.

Los Angeles, Cal.—Mrs. Isabella Wilson Bejar of San Pedro was wielding a broom in the little hall of her five-room cottage—"Rooms for rent" hanging on the outside—when she was told she was heiress to one-third of \$1,000,000.

Mrs. Bejar did not let the broom drop. "I heard last summer that maybe I would get some money," she said, without excitement. "What are you going to do with it?" "I want to get the money first, and then I will start a stock ranch in Oregon," she said. That did not smack of ill-manners, gowns from Paris or idleness. But still Mrs. Bejar has ideas.

"I have been struggling for a long time," she said, "and I guess money will be about as welcome in this house as any other thing that I know of."

She is a widow and lives with a widowed daughter and two grandchildren at No. 218 Beacon street, San Pedro. The inheritance is from David Wilson of Oregon, Ill., a cousin.

"Mind you, I'm not being foolish about imagining," she continued. "I've heard about people who were told something like this and, throwing up their positions, buying things on credit and growing suddenly very haughty and then learning that some one else was the heir or that there wasn't any fortune. I'm not like that."

Neither is Mrs. Bejar's brother, a gardener of Santa Barbara. He is earning two dollars a day and won't quit the job until he really knows about the one-third of a million.

Bull Walks Through China Shop.
London.—The ancient tradition, "A bull in a china shop" was put to rout when a big bullock strayed into a china shop at Lewes. The animal sauntered through the lines of glass, china and earthenware without breaking a single article and then walked into the street.

Robbers Hold Up Man; Get Nothing.
Kansas City, Mo.—Frank P. Dickson, president of the Kansas City, Lawrence and Topeka Electric railroad, had the laugh on two men who held him up and demanded money. He had given his last cent of cash to a poor family.

NATIONAL CAPITAL AFFAIRS

U. S. Keeps Tab Upon Army and Navy Deserters

WASHINGTON.—As Uncle Sam finds trouble in locating recalcitrant members of the army and navy who take "French leave," there is a bureau in both the war and navy departments to keep tab on these individuals. In the war department the bureau is presided over by a "graybeard" who has been in the service since eight years after the Civil war. He is so familiar with the files of the office under the adjutant general that each yellow-back envelope is almost like an old friend. "Like father, like son" is an old adage, and it was never more true than of conditions in this office.

Like the old man who presides over the destinies of the yellow-back paper envelopes and the antiquated furniture, are the methods which he employs in conducting the affairs of the bureau.

"I would like you to look up for me the name of Ray Schultz or Roy Schultz or Schults," was a request made of this official recently. It has been estimated that in the past ten years nearly 1,000,000 record enlistments have been filed in the office. As the files are arranged, however, a search is not the arduous task that upon first glance it seems to be.

On every side of the room, which runs the entire length of one wing of the war department, are steel file cases. The enlistment date was secured in a little less than two hours.

An answer to a similar inquiry in the navy department was obtained in a little less than 20 minutes.

The system there is entirely different. It follows the index system of the modern department store.

As an officer explained, it sometimes developed that hurry was mandatory. He pointed out the case of an enlisted man who had been arrested in a southern city for deserting his ship, which had been ordered to Mexican waters.

The enlisted man upon arrest denied he was an enlisted man. No immediate proof could be obtained that he was in the navy or that he was a deserter. The only accusation against him was brought by a witness who thought he had recognized the man. Navy officials were communicated with, but the only word received by the court officers was "hold the prisoner for identification." It was three days before the court was completely convinced that the enlisted man was a member of the navy.

Everything Under the Sun at Special Prices

"EVERYTHING but a nursing bottle!" was the conclusion reached by Byron R. Newton, assistant secretary of the treasury, commenting on the wide and inexhaustible range of articles in the schedule of the general supply committee, showing that the government is prepared to supply at special contract prices to all departments and administrative bureaus in Washington. "It embraces every other commodity under the sun."

"Hold on!" said his private secretary. The private secretary took over the general schedule that Mr. Newton had laid aside. He thumbed over the pages.

"Nursing bottles—bottles—ah, under laboratory apparatus. Bottles—but not the right sort. Hospital supplies. Here we are," said the private secretary, pointing out an item to Mr. Newton.

"5620. Bottles of samples. (d) Nursing, graduated, 12 ounces," Mr. Newton read in the book.

"By jove. Even a nursing bottle. It has every thing under the sun that can be bought," he admitted. And so it seems.

Stationery and drafting supplies; hardware, metals, cordage and leather and saddlery; dry goods and wearing apparel; drugs and medicines, chemicals and reagents; laboratory, hospital appliances and surgical instruments; electrical engineering and plumbing supplies; lumber, millwork, packing boxes and building materials; paints, oils, glass and brushes; provisions and household supplies; forage, flour and seed; photographic supplies and special equipment; engraving, printing and lithographic supplies; fuel and ice; incandescent electric lamps; incandescent gas lamp supplies; motor trucks; typewriting and computing machines; electric service; telephone service.

There are the general classifications under which nearly every conceivable thing on earth is sublisted. One could be born into the world by virtue of the facilities of this general schedule and go out of it by its aid at any old time, and in the course of the life between never know a need that the general schedule could not meet.

Here Are Two Men Who Get Paid for Eating

It sounds like the ideal job when one hears of getting paid for eating, but there are two men in Uncle Sam's employ who draw their salaries mainly because of this, and they will vouch for the fact that such a position is by no means as simple a little thing as a person might suppose. Of course they do more than this. They investigate into foodstuffs, prepare reports and do other things that a layman can hardly explain. But they get paid for eating as well.

The two men are Dr. C. F. Langworthy, chief, and Dr. Robert Milner, assistant, in the bureau of the bureau of food hygiene of the department of agriculture. These two men have a corps of assistants, who, like themselves, are required to do plain and fancy eating. Occasionally a subject is brought in, under the auspices of Uncle Sam, and he is placed in a contrivance which looks like a cell in a police station, and is fed and his temperature is taken. Reports are made as to the effect that the food had on him.

Not long ago a cheese investigation began. Every kind of cheese, rich, juicy cheese, crumbly cheese, cheese that was odorless and cheese that smelled like a Tammany investigation, was brought into the office. Dr. Milner picked out a nice, ripe cheese and cut off a generous slab.

"Everybody try some," he urged, biting into his slice, and everybody did. For a week the office ate cheese omelette, cheese soufflé, cheese pudding, plain cheese, baked cheese, fried cheese and several other kinds of cheese.

The point was to determine whether cheese could be assimilated. The office decided that it could and, inasmuch as some of the hardy workers ate six ounces a day without suffering the slightest ailment, the office seemed to be right.

Pen Picture of Senator LaFollette on Rostrum

DID you ever see Robert M. LaFollette speak? It is more of a sight than a sound. He doubles himself into knots, grinds his teeth and puts on every "prop" of intensity known to the forensic play-actor. He looks as if he means business. One constantly expects to hear him say something that will rip the stars from their appointed places and tumble the indigo firmament upon the frightened worlds. But he never says it. That's where the joke comes in. And that's what gives point to an observation made recently by W. Sinkler Manning. One evening recently Senator LaFollette was making a speech on end, his eyes glittered, his voice sounded like that of the ghost in Hamlet, his snaky fingers wriggled and waved through the air at the terrified Democrats. The blood mantled his face; his teeth ground. At any moment he might say: "Fe-to-fum, I smell the blood of a Roosevelt Mun." But he didn't. He said nothing of importance whatsoever, nothing that might not have been uttered in tones as docile as that of a mating dove. Mr. Manning watched him for a while, then, turning in disappointment, he remarked with a sigh:

"I live always in the hope that he will utter some sentence so vital that it will justify the expression on his face."



THE ANTIOCH NEWS

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THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 12, 1914

FARMER'S INSTITUTE
IS A SUCCESS

(Continued from page one.)

young men who have taken an active interest in the work of the institute and their initiative and push will aid greatly to the effectiveness of this committee.

A meeting of this committee will be held soon to determine upon the plans for the work of the coming year. It is altogether probable that they will decide to introduce a short course in agriculture consisting of work in corn judging, cattle judging and soil analysis.

The names of the vice-presidents follow:

Benton—Guy Simmons.
Newport—Elmer Murrie.
Antioch—George White.
Waukegan—T. A. Simpson.
Warren—L. W. Wakefield.
Avon—Edward Druce.
Lake Villa—Frank Hamlin.
Grant—George Busse.
Shields—R. W. Leatherbee.
Libertyville—Rodney D. Swift.
Fremont—A. L. Huebsch.
Wauconda—William Dillon.
Deerfield—John Carolan.
Vernon—E. J. Giss.
Ela—John Saver.
Cuba—William Leonard.

The secretary, Mr. Bonner, was elected as the one to represent the county at the state meeting this week at Galesburg, he will arrange for the date of next year and endeavor to get some of the best speakers of the state.

STANDING OF CONTESTANTS AT THE CITY SHOE STORE

Standing of the contestants for the piano, sewing machine, gold watch and toilet set for the week ending, February, 4 is as follows:

Contestant's Number	Contestant's Number	Contestant's Number	Contestant's Number
1.....35000	92.....116950	18.....10000	105.....10675
2.....3514635	93.....11325	19.....13000	106.....11950
3.....6000	94.....49965	20.....11000	107.....11825
4.....24270	95.....13985	21.....38250	108.....12525
5.....10287275	96.....10250	22.....26010	109.....13125
6.....16185	97.....10525	23.....148205	110.....13150
7.....8450	98.....10025	24.....11850	111.....10275
8.....440235	99.....5000660	25.....81025	112.....11175
9.....17750	100.....12275	26.....9150	113.....1334650
10.....514500	101.....12450	27.....35605	114.....9975
11.....428205	102.....13350	28.....11550	115.....13725
12.....9161810	103.....14625	29.....12000	116.....13850
		30.....29079255	117.....9815
		31.....7000	118.....10015
		32.....12200	119.....13000
		33.....15000	120.....12950
		34.....12500	121.....11775
		35.....13000	122.....11250
		36.....17000	123.....12625
		37.....10250	124.....13495
		38.....13000	125.....9500
		39.....14200	126.....9825
		40.....13850	127.....10625
		41.....16000	128.....7275
		42.....32840	129.....11125
		43.....10000	130.....13250
		44.....35665	131.....14125
		45.....33600	132.....12125
		46.....12445	133.....13425
		47.....14525	134.....10875
		48.....14750	135.....11495
		49.....67205	136.....10370
		50.....14250	137.....14835
		51.....25035	138.....10660
		52.....14250	139.....1713700
		53.....10850	140.....15125
		54.....12000	141.....11475
		55.....16595	142.....11375
		56.....19100	143.....10875
		57.....33220	144.....13250
		58.....154235	145.....27986750
		59.....17550	146.....11075
		60.....138630	147.....12125
		61.....15975	148.....10875
		62.....15000	149.....10775
		63.....16575	150.....13275
		64.....15525	151.....12725
		65.....13350	152.....13530
		66.....46135	153.....18825
		67.....15000	154.....10575
		68.....15225	155.....13125
		69.....11785	156.....28026105
		70.....12700	157.....10275
		71.....16000	158.....13125
		72.....35650	159.....12735
		73.....5000	160.....12825
		74.....15560	161.....2000
		75.....13050	162.....1325
		76.....318850	163.....68000
		77.....14475	164.....13250
		78.....14950	165.....10035
		79.....16450	166.....12100
		80.....13725	167.....13720
		81.....13450	168.....26744890
		82.....10725	169.....13125
		83.....10950	170.....13175
		84.....11825	171.....11525
		85.....4482630	172.....11925
		86.....11725	173.....11575
		87.....15225	174.....27881355
		88.....13925	175.....10480
		89.....11425	176.....10575
		90.....31845	177.....11475
		91.....11625	178.....15125
			179.....11586665
			180.....14335
			181.....58725

Farm Interests

Edited by HENRY G. BELL

Agronomist Middle West Soil Improvement Committee
Chairman of the National Fertilizer AssociationFormerly Professor of Agronomy and Manager of Farms, University of Maine
Asst. Professor of Farm Crops, Iowa State College of Agriculture, Ames

"Experience Has Shown That the Right Use of Fertilizers, Barn Manure, Proper Tillage, Good Seed and Crop Rotations, Insure Farm Prosperity."

THE CHANGING CORN BELT.

America has become the granary of the world. New duties have forced themselves upon us with prodigious rapidity. Our own population has grown to a size that taxes our ability to maintain it. Moreover markets in the old world are opening daily to American merchants. With this great advance and widening of trade and commerce then, it is but natural that the changes which affect these lines of activity should reflect and react upon that line which is fundamental to the life and progress of the nation. The farm must change and adopt methods which make it an economical and efficient manufacturing plant for our food. It must prepare to supply the markets which are opening to us daily in other parts of the world.

Calamity howlers would lead us to believe that the race is tending to starvation; that the day when our soils will cease to produce sufficient for our needs is not far distant. Such beliefs are contrary to history. The great German empire, with two-thirds of our population located on but one-third of our available arable land is able not only to maintain itself but to export large quantities of food material. Denmark—that courageous little kingdom that is carving out magnificent history on land that would make the average American farmer heart-sick—places before us an example worthy of emulation.

A noted speaker at the time of the Spanish-American war made his name immortal when it was reported that Boston was to be attacked by the enemies' fleet, by saying: "No, Boston will not be destroyed—Boston will not be taken—Boston is not a place—Boston is a state of mind." His philosophy is good and can be happily applied to the problem of agriculture in the middle west. To a large extent our food problem is not a condition, but a state of mind. Within wide limits the areas of this middle west can be made immensely productive if the farmers so will. With favorable climatic conditions, excellent farming population, good railroad facilities, splendid markets and other advantages of equal importance, the middle west can and will produce vastly larger crops from her fields. The great problem of this rich territory is the proper handling of the land and the supply of fertility to make our farms most efficient. The new farmer will make it his first duty to see that all standing water in the soil is drained away. He will use only seed of excellent, productive strains of grains, grasses, roots and other crops. Of course, he will keep live stock. Pasture areas will be maintained about two-thirds of a head per acre will be made to carry two to three head of live stock per acre as soon as these acres are made sufficiently productive to maintain this number of live stock. The middle west farmer is not slow to see these changes, but is wide awake and making use of the information he gathers from abroad and from other parts of this country. He is trying out experiments, proving to his own satisfaction the practicability of farming his acre more intensively. Intensive methods include careful tillage of the soil and judicious use of available fertilizers. Secretary J. K. Dickinson of the Illinois state board of agriculture in his 1913 report says:

"The fertilizer output in Illinois is greater today than ever before, and they have become a necessity to the successful farmer."

This statement is indicative of the times. The thirteenth census shows that the tendency of farming in the middle west is towards smaller farms on which more intensive methods are practiced.

The modern farmer is informed as to the general nature of the different types of soils on his farm, as to the special needs of the common crops which he grows upon his farm, and how best to supply the great amount of plantfood to cause rapid, sturdy growth of crops and satisfactory maturity within reasonable limits. There is absolutely no question as to the necessity and practicability of barnyard manure and fertilizers. New England, with her smaller farms and working under much greater disadvantages, is producing nearly one-third more crops per acre and over double the potatoes per acre that are produced on the larger farms of the middle west at the present time. She is doing this by means of good soil management and a liberal use of suitable fertilizers.

We cannot afford to continue to grow less per acre than these older parts of the country. It is not good business. The farm has become the great business of the American people. It must receive the attention merited by big business. Within a decade, we predict, a yield upon these farms of the middle west, due to intensive methods, which will look as wonderful compared with the yields at the present time, as do those of the countries of Europe, where intensive methods have been practiced for a century.

HIGH SCHOOL NOTES

Names of pupils whose average was 90 or above for the first semester.

High school. Jannette Wallace, Jennie Willett, Ruth Pollock, Daniel Lewis, Marguerite McCullough, and Madelyn Strang.

Seventh grade. Raymond Taylor, Edna Richards, Gladys Panowski and Marguerite Drom.

Sixth grade. Elsie Panowski, Lena Spafford, Ralph James, Irene Keulman. Fourth grade. Genevieve Willie, Lula Wedel, John Beebe, Viola Boudein, Edward Girard, Phyllis Morley.

Third grade. Russell Keulman, Ear Dibble, Beulah Harrison, Gordon Ames, Antoinette Smart, Marion Spanggard, Stella Brownell, Elma Volkman, Daisy Richards, Letha LaPlant, Anna Wedel, Howard Spafford, Ruth Kettlehut.

Second grade. Albert Herman, Ada Chinn, Einar Peterson, Vernon Girard, Albert Tiffany, Arthur Behrens, Ardis Grimm, Dorothy Beebe, Marshal King.

First grade. Helen and Irene Kettlehut, Reginald Stixrud, Harold Sullivan, Wesley Conrad, Marguerite Grice, Harry Willett, Sammy Levison, Edith Edgar, Myrtle Norman, George Lynch, John Huber, John Davis, Charlie Schafer, Eunice Hill and Linn Dalziel.

Names of pupils neither absent nor tardy during the month of Jan. 1914.

High School room—Jannette Wallace, Jennie Willett, Pearl Harrower, Viola Kuhaupt, Marie Johannott, Ruth Pollock, Teresa Hoyer, Maybelle Richards, Marguerite McCullough, Madelyn Strang, Walter Forbrick, Laurel Powles, Lester Osmond, Fred Sheehan, George Lewis, Anna Drom, Evelyn Hoyer Ruth Kinrade, Charles and James Horan, Harold Hughes, Russell Smith, Charlie Tiffany, Leland Watson. Holiday.

Grammar room—Gertrude Behrens, Edwin Drom, Myrtle Haynes, Gerald and Genevieve Pierce, Maurice Radtka, Jessie and Alonza Runyard, Frank Spanggard, Arlene and Leonard Stickles, Mona Taylor, Marguerite Waters, Virgil Felter, Irene Keulman, Virginia Radtka, Marguerite Savage, Elizabeth Tenbroggan, Susan Tiffany, Grace Drom, Lena Spafford, Ralph James, Margaret Drom, Louise Dupre, Leland Girard, Carrie Horcher, Merrill Sabin, Frank Powles, Edna Richards, Louis Shultis.

Raymond Taylor, Earl Somerville. No holiday.

Intermediate room—Emogene Chinn, Priscilla Courad, Lula Wedel, Viola Boudoin, George Keulman, John Beebe, Antoinette Smart, Beulah Harrison, Letha LaPlant, Russell Keulman, Leota Savage, Marion Spanggard, Daisy Richards. Holiday.

Primary room—Albert Tiffany, Geo. Feltham, Arthur Behrens, Einar Peterson, Marshal King, Albert Herman, Dorothy Beebe, Wesley Conrad, Helen and Irene Kettlehut, Harold Sullivan, Aretas Keulman, Martha Hillebrand, Charlie Schafer. No holiday.

Guarding Against Expense. It took a New York millionaire to hit upon the best scheme yet for cutting down household expenses if one must wed; he married a fashionable milliner.—Baltimore News.

Art of Living. The art of living resembles wrestling more than dancing, for here a man does not know his movement and his measure beforehand. No; he is obliged to stand strong against chance, and secure himself as occasion shall offer.—Marcus Aurelius.



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Protection Against Lightning.
Coral necklaces have often been worn for warding off lightning; also an eagle's plume, as that bird is supposed to be quite invulnerable to lightning from its connection with Jupiter. The Romans were also much addicted to wearing bay leaves as a preservative. The laurel, the holly and the fig trees are supposed to be quite free from evil effects of lightning. The elder Pliny said: "Lightning never strikes the laurel."

Beyond the Styx.
Plato—Let me see: They condemned you to die, but permitted you to choose the manner of your death. Am I right? Socrates—That's right. I told them hemlock juice was my poison. I said ice cream first, but they made me guess again.—Puck.

Cling to the Old Methods.
English "manufacturers' agents" are ready to present American goods to the trades in South America, but they are extremely conservative and dislike to promote fresh kinds of goods.

Collier's
The National Weekly

First Time in Clubs
Until this year Collier's has been sold at \$5.50. Now the price is \$2.50 and we have secured a concession whereby we can offer it at a still further reduction in connection with this publication.

Special Offer to Our Readers
Recognizing the great demand for Collier's at the new price, we have made arrangements to offer it and our own publication each one year for the price of Collier's alone. This is a limited offer and must be taken advantage of promptly.

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Collier's is the one big, independent, fearless weekly of the whole country. Not only is it the good citizen's handbook but it is also a magazine for the whole family. Among the things that a year's subscription gives are:

1000 Editorials
600 News Photos
250 Short Stories
150 Short Stories
100 Illustrated Features
2 Complete Novels

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Antioch News \$1.00 **\$2.50**

Special February Sale

IN order to reduce our stock and make room for spring goods in all departments, we will make a clearing sale of all winter goods, comprising coats, sweaters, underwear, wool and cotton blankets, etc. The following are a few specials for this week.

Men's Underwear	Wool Blankets
All wool and cotton underwear, former price \$1.00 to \$4.00	Large line of wool blankets, former price \$3.50 to \$8.00
This sale price 80c to \$3.25	This sale price \$2.25 to \$6.50 per pair
Women's Underwear	Women's Coats
All wool and cotton underwear, all sizes	About twenty ladies fancy coats, former price from \$8.00 to \$17.50
This sale price at 15 per cent. off	This sale price from \$6.00 to \$13.00
Children's Underwear	Boy's and Girls Coats
All wool and cotton underwear, all sizes	About one dozen winter coats, former price from \$3.25 to \$5.00
This sale price at 15 per cent. off	This sale price from \$2.75 to \$4.50

HILLEBRAND'S
Cash Department Store

Tausendschoen
OR
Thousand Beauties

FREE: Every person answering this advertisement will receive a copy of our large book "Fruit for home and Fruit for profit," a 50 page book, which tells you how to plant and take care of all kinds of fruit, a true description of all varieties of Fruits, Ornamental trees, shrubs, roses, etc. It tells you where you can buy high-grade, true to name, trees and plants for about one-half agents price. Tausendschoen or Thousand Beauties, that beautiful new climbing rose, agents are asking \$1.00 each for, FREE. To every reader of this paper who sends for our book, we will include a coupon which is good for one of these beautiful roses. Free, with the first order sent in.

Here is a sample of our prices direct to you from the grower. 13 apple trees, Agents' price, \$2.60.

Our Special Price to You 98c.

2 Baldwin 2 Ben Davis
2 Nor. Spy 2 Wealthy
2 McIntosh 2 Stark

1 Yellow Transparent

All fine 2 year trees

Fill out and mail the coupon below, or send us a postal card, and we will include in this collection one of the above roses. We will mail you this book free and include a coupon good for one of these beautiful roses.

DON'T DELAY, sit right down now and send us the coupon.

Reilly Bros. Nurseries,

Reilly Road, Dansville, N. Y.

Reilly Bros. Nurseries,

Reilly Road, Dansville, N. Y.

Kindly send me your large book of fruit and how to grow it, as advertised in THE ANTIOCH NEWS, also coupon for one "Thousand Beauty" Rose, both to be sent FREE to my address given below.

Name _____
Address _____

A Man in the Open

by Roger Pocock

Illustrations by Ellsworth Young



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SYNOPSIS.

The story opens with Jesse Smith relating the story of his birth, early life in Labrador and of the death of his father. Jesse becomes a sailor. His mother marries the master of the ship and both are lost in the wreck of the vessel. Jesse becomes a cowboy in Texas. He marries Polly, a girl of questionable morals, who later is reported to have committed suicide. Jesse becomes a ranchman and moves to British Columbia. Kate Trevor takes up the narrative. Unhappily married, she contemplates suicide, but changes her mind after meeting Jesse. Jesse rescues Kate from her drink-maddened husband who attempts to kill her. Trevor offers of grand opera managers to return to the stage and marries Jesse. Their married life starts out happily. Kate succumbs to the pleadings of a composer to return to the stage and runs away with him. She rescues Widow O'Flynn from her burning house, is badly burned herself and returns home, where Jesse receives her with open arms. Jesse calls on neighbors and plans to capture cattle thieves. Kate is rescued from the hands of the bandits. Jesse is captured by the robbers, but by a clever ruse makes prisoners of the robbers. They are turned over to a United States marshal, who has arrived with extradition papers. Jesse takes charge of the outlaw chief's son, Billy O'Flynn, having promised the chief to keep him out of his father's profession. He takes Billy to Vancouver and the lad is shanghaied. A son is born to Kate and Jesse and is named David. Jesse receives a letter from his first wife, Polly, in which she tells him she deceived him into thinking she had killed herself. For the honor of Kate and their son, father and mother separate. Kate and David go to England to live. Four years later Billy O'Flynn arrives and tells Kate how Jesse has been ruined and outwitted through the vindictiveness of Polly. Kate arrives in British Columbia, lays plans to help old friends and defeat the plots of Polly. Provisions and help arrive at a time to save Jesse's life. He hears of Kate's arrival and of her plans.

CHAPTER III.—Continued.

When he'd tended the horses, Iron set up a clock upon the shelf, so I might hear the ticking as time passed. He carried in armloads from the sleigh, he opened cases, he spilled out sacks. He showed me maple syrup, try-your-strength cigars, a dandy rifle with plenty ammunition, books, clothes, candy, a piano which plays itself, then garden seeds, and all sorts of things which you'd have honed for in the long ago. The place was like a barter store, piled to the beams with riches wanted on me, who hadn't a neighbor left. Why, even Iron, who used to think for no one but himself, had a kitten for me, warm in his pocket, and forgotten until a case of hardware squashed out its best Sunday scream. Who'd ever think, too, that so small a bundle of fur and claws should have a purr to fill my whole bed with joy. Surely, I loved this world I'd so nearly quit, when after supper Iron loosed a gramophone. The Hudson's Bay man had shown him a special "record" from England, the angel song in Chopin's "Marche Funebre." We had that first, the very song she used to sing in this cabin, times when I reckoned it a shameful thing for any man to cry.

It was Kate's voice. Oh, tell God, mother, that I'm very grateful. I heard her voice filling this place which used to be her home.

"Though my wife and I are parted for all our years—love finds a way. A week or more had passed, and I'd my strength again. The river had frozen so that we could cross to the hunting grounds beyond, and when we came back our camp was full of meat.

The truth is scarce, being winnowed by many preachers, and my grains when I try to eat them, are mostly husks. Iron calls me a coward. But Polly only weighs ninety-eight pounds, and I two hundred, so that I couldn't have managed to feel brave fighting her. Then Iron claims it's not the little woman I ought to fight, but the big evil she did in bringing all our settlers to death or ruin. A woman's whim is light as thistle-down, but this ties choke the pasture unless you fight them, and Christ himself fought to the death against the evils which grew rank around him. I doubt I've been a cowardly sort of Christian.

I'd got so far in thinking my morals needed repairs, when a new thing happened; pointing out the way, O'Flynn rode over burning the trail from the Hundred. My wife is there!

O'Flynn has seen my son, he has spoken with Father Jared, he has come with Kate from England, and he left her nursing at Bolt. Taylor's bedside. She is sending Surly Brown from Soda Creek with a cable, to build a new scow, and start the ferry again. Kate says Polly's to manage the Trevor ranch while she makes his peace with the owners—O'Flynn wants to run the packing. She is finding a doctor to take Mac's practice. Fearful George is to buy an imported stallion, and drift him with a bunch of East Oregon maros to stock my empty pastures. The dead settlement is live again as though there had been no Polly, to rob, ruin, and murder among our pioneers. And then my wife will send young Englishmen to school with me for training.

Stroke by stroke this Mr. O'Flynn comes lashing home the news into my hide, as though I were being flogged. He says he hated me always, but never despised me before as he does now. My wife and I should change clothes, only I'd be too useless for a woman. Iron says the same, and in a most unchristian way I thrashed the pair, knocking their heads together, for putting me too much in the

wrong while I wanted my breakfast. They think there's something in my argument.

The news is better for being discussed, and best of all I reckon this man Eure who is to side-track Polly, building a town at the foot of the Hundred Mile Falls. The plies on the high land, too small a trash for lumber, are good enough for pulp to feed a mill, while paper is the plate from which we eat our knowledge. I see the black bush turning into books, the lands in oats or pasture till they're warmed for wheat, and when we come to the rocks there's marble to build colleges for our sons, gold to endow them. The land too poor for any other crop, is best for raising men.

It's only because I'm happy I write nonsense, feeling this night as though I were being cured of all my blindness. I have a sense that though I sit in darkness, my wife is with me, and if my eyes were opened, I should see her. Is it our weakness which gives such strength to love?

CHAPTER IV.

At Hundred Mile House.

Kate's Narrative. Mr. Eure inspected the woods and water-power, then departed for the coast, secretly to buy timber limits, avowedly to find a nurse and a doctor.

Mr. Tom Faulkner, his engineer, surveyed, then let contracts for temporary snow road, log buildings at the falls, and a telegraph line which would secure our business from being known at Polly's post-office.

Mr. Dale reopened the Sky-line mines, pending my arrangement with the owners.

Mr. Surly Brown placed a cable and built a scow in readiness to renew his ferry business.

Mr. Tearful George placed loads of forage a day's march apart across the forest, then drifted live stock into Jesse's ranch.

Father Jared sought out young gentlemen to be trained at Jesse's "School of Colonial Instruction."

Mr. William O'Flynn became bartender, despatch rider, stable man, general adviser, and commander-in-chief at the Hundred.

A bewildered Chinaman, with a yellow smile, cooked, scrubbed, chattered pidgin-English, and burned incense to Joss in the kitchen.

And I, Kate, was busy nursing and keeping house, with never a moment to spare for the specters which thronged our forest. After the snow road diverted traffic, my one visitor was Pete Matheson, who on Saturdays climbed the long hill for his rations. When my patient was well enough, he would talk with "Bolt" Taylor about old times in the gold mines, or on the high technic of pack-train harness, above the comprehension of a woman.

Until the nurse came I was with my patient always, and slept in the same close room. On her arrival—how I envied that pretty uniform—Nurse Pantou proceeded to set us all to rights.



He Carried in Armloads From the Sleigh.

She was a colorless creature, supported by routine as by a corset, and Billy informed me that she needed to be shocked thoroughly. He told her that the patient, being a sailor, wanted nursing done shipshape and Bristol fashion. Nurse and I were to have each four hours on and four off, with two dog or half watches, which would daily reverse the order, so giving us the middle watch by turns.

Whether relieved at midnight or at four a. m. I would put on my furs for a little prow outdoors. To leave the house when it was forty degrees below zero, felt like the plunge into an icy bath, but gave the same refreshment afterward.

Once setting out on such an excursion I traversed the dining hall, entered the dark barroom, and opened the inner door which gave upon the porch. But this time I could not push the storm door open. Something resisted, something outside thrusting at the panels, something alive. I fell back against the bar, imagining bears, burglars, bogies, anything, while I listened, afraid to breathe.

It was then I heard a voice, a girl's voice outside in the Arctic cold, chanting a singsong recitation as though at school:

"Bruce, Bruce; Huron, Desoronto; Chatham, Cayuga; Guelph—not Guelph—oh, what comes after Cayuga?" Then feeble hands battered against the door, "Teacher! Teacher!"

But when I opened the door, the girl stepped back afraid. "You're not the teacher," she said; "oh, tell me before she comes. Sixty-six counties and the towns have all got mixed."

"Come in and let me tell you." "I daren't! I daren't! You're not the teacher. This is not the school. You'll take me back!"

She turned, trying to run away, but her legs seemed wooden, and she slid about as though she were wearing clogs.

"I won't," she screamed, "I won't go back!" Then she fell. "Dear child, you shan't go back."

But still she shrank from me. "Oh, leave me alone!" she pleaded. "Mayn't I give you some tea?"

"You won't take me back to Spite House?" "Not to that dreadful place."

"Do you keep girls, too?" "There's only a nurse, and a poor dying man."

"And you'll hear me the counties of Ontario?" "Why, yes, dear."

"I'll come then," but as she tried to get up, "it's cramp," she moaned. "Dear child, you're freezing."

"I'm not cold, it's cramp." She must have fallen through the snow which covered our water-hole, for she was literally incased in ice up to the breasts.

Finding I had not strength to carry her, I shouted for the nurse, who roused Billy, and then the Chinaman. Together we carried her indoors, gave her brandy, and laid her, dressed as she was, in Captain Taylor's bath. Then while Billy rode hard for a doctor, nurse and I filled the bath with freezing water, which for eight hours we kept renewed with ice.

She told me of a village among vineyards, overlooking Lake Ontario, just where a creek comes tumbling down from the Niagara heights. Her father, a retired minister, wasted his narrow means in trying to raise the proper grapes for sacramental wine. Mother was dead, and nine small children had to be fed and clothed, to appear with decency at church and school, so that they would not be ashamed among the neighbors.

Then Uncle John found an advertisement in the paper. A governess was wanted for four children somewhere in British Columbia. The wages were so generous that there would be enough to spare for helping father. It meant so much of proper food, and good warm clothing for the younger children. So references were exchanged with Mr. Brooke, who wrote most charming letters, and Uncle John lent money for the journey. My little schoolma'am pursed her lips severely over that loan, which must be repaid by instalments.

Mr. Brooke met Jenny at Ashcroft, and took her by sleigh nearly a hundred miles, getting more and more familiar and horrid until, in a state of wild fear of him, she ran for safety into a drunken riot at Spite House. The waitresses were rude and cruel, Polly lay drunk on the floor. There were no children.

After I learned from Mr. Eure that I was a prejudiced witness, without a shred of evidence, that no court would listen to hearsay, and that the dying girl's confession would not be allowed in court except it were made under oath before a magistrate. Poor Jenny would never have told any man what happened at Spite House; she would not have given the last sane moments of her life to vengeance; and so there was no case against either Brooke or Polly in a crime which had earned them penal servitude.

Vengeance? I think our prayers together did more good, and when the time came for Jenny's removal to a bed of lint soaked in carbolic oil, she was prepared to face the coming pain. "Shall I die?" she asked. I could only kiss her.

"Then," she said, "even if it isn't true, tell papa I died game."

She was Canadian, and there is valor in that blood. Before she was moved, Doctor Sanderson, of Clinton, had taken charge, and since we lacked petroleum enough for a bath, approved what we had done. He used opiates, but the pain, after a frostbite is thawed, is that which follows burning. On the third day came exhaustion—and release.

I was obliged to give evidence at the inquest, and my profession has taught me quietness, restraint, simplicity. The coroner might talk law, but I was dealing with men; it was my business to make them cry. There was no case against Brooke, but from that time onward visitors to Spite House were treated as lepers until they left the country.

For the rest, I would not be present either at the funeral or at the public

meeting, or see the press man who came up from Ashcroft, or discuss the matter with any of my neighbors.

The theme was one distasteful to any woman with claims to decency. These things are not discussed. And even if through misfortune my relationship with Jesse became a common scandal, at least I need not share the conversation. To make a scene, to discuss my affairs with strangers, to seek public sympathy, were things impossible. Yet I heard enough. The waitresses were gone from Spite House, the constable was dismissed from his position; the business of the post-office and stage-line were transferred to Mr. Eure's stopping-place at the falls. Brooke and Polly were left alone, with no power, it seemed then, for any further mischief.

Until it actually happened, I never expected that Brooke would visit me, but perhaps from his point of view the event was piquant.

When I asked him to state his business, with a large gesture he claimed the visitor's drink. It is an old custom, which I broke.

"You think I'm a villain?" I made no comment. "I've come to thank you, ma'am. If you'd pressed that girl's case it might have been well—awkward."

I told him that had I known the law, I should have done my best to get him penal servitude for life.

"That's straight," he answered indulgently, "you always were clear grit, and that's why I want—well, ma'am," he lowered his eyes, "I'm going to confess. You don't mind?" he added.

My eyes betrayed my one desire, escape, but he stood in the doorway leading to the house.

"Your presence," I said, "is distasteful. Please will you let me pass?" "Not till I've set things straight."

There was no bell with which to summon help, and I should have been ashamed to make a scene.

"Go on," I said.

"I dunno how you feel, mum, about life. I've been disappointed, starting in with ideals, and there're gone. I'm as straight as the world will let me, without my going hungry."

"Yes," Brooke sighed, "I'm a disillusioned, disappointed man."

I had a curious sense that this actor of life was trying to be real, and in the attempt he posed.

"Not that I claim," he went on, "that Spite House is anywhere holy. It's not. Of course, a sporting and gambling joint meets a demand, a regrettable demand, a thing we both abhor and would like to be shut of. But since demand creates the supply, let's have it in high-toned style, not run by thugs. That's what I say."

His spacious benevolence seemed to confer partnership, yet to be shocked at my immoral tendencies.

"However," he sighed, "it's over. It's done with, shoved aside. There was money in it, but small money, and we pass on. Old Taylor may have told you that as far back as November we decided, Mrs. Smith and me, to run the house as a first-class resort for tourists. We bought the Star Pack-train from Taylor, and the old cargador is making our new riggings."

This was news indeed!

"Of course pack-trains as such are out of date as Noah's ark, and we've got to march with the procession. You'll see in this prospectus," he held out a paper, "well, I'll read it. Let's see—yes—Forest Lodge, long under the able management of Mrs. Jesse Smith, with great experience in—"

"No, it's further on—Forest Lodge is the natural center for parties viewing the wondrous wilds. That should grip them, eh? Experienced guides with pack and saddle animals from the famous Star atajo, we can't call them mules, of course, will escort parties visiting the sceneries and hunting grounds of the Coast Range, the Cariboo, the Omenica, the Babine, and the Cassiar. That ought to splash!"

Billy had warned me of bad characters settled on the lands toward Jesse's ranch. Were these Brooke's "experienced guides?" "Naturally," Brooke folded his prospectus, "the sporting trade had to be closed right down before the tourist connection took a hold. Millionaire sportsmen out to spend their dollars, expect to find things just so. They want recherche meals, and unique decorations, real champagne wine, and everything 'imported' even when it's made on the spot. They don't make no hurrao over losing a few thousand at cards, but they just ain't going to stand seeing Polly laying around drunk on the barroom floor. I tell you when they comes I ain't going to have Polly around my place. That's straight. She'll get her marching orders P. D. Q."

So Polly was next for betrayal.

"Yes," Brooke became very confidential. "What I require at Forest Lodge is a real society hostess, a lady. Yes, that's what's the matter—a lady. Now that's what I come about. Ever since I seen you, Mrs., I mean madam, I mean—"

He became quite diffident, leaving the doorway, leaning over the counter.

"Would you—" he began, "would you be prepared, ma'am, to—"

My way was clear, and I ran. Billy had held these last few weeks that Polly's funds were gone, that she was penniless. He begged me to let him destroy the great sign-board across the road to Spite House. Failure to renew that would indeed be conclusive proof of the woman's penury, but the meanness of such a test revolted me, for one does not strike a fallen adversary.

Were there any funds to promote black plines and mosquitoes as an attraction to millionaires? Brooke in his folly had divulged that foolish scheme, sufficient to complete the ruin of a poor wretched woman, before he abandoned her interests to seek his own. Was it true? I went straight to Captain Taylor.

"Yes, Kate," he chuckled, "the murderer's out at last. You see I'm not exactly prosperous, and my retired pay is a drop in my bucket of debts. And then our good friend Polly invested all her wealth in buying up the mortgage on this ranch."

"But why?" "For fun. For the pleasure of turning me out. She kindly granted me permission to sleep in that old barrel which used to belong to my fox, but then you see I really couldn't be under any obligations to the lady."

"Did you pay off the mortgage?" "I did. So Polly strums rag-time tunes on my piano, Brooke wears my early Victorian frock coat, they serve their beans and bacon with my family plate, the gentleman sports my crest, the lady has my dear mother's diamonds which are really paste. My dear, they're county society—you really must call and leave cards."

"But the portraits!" "They stared at me so rudely that I burnt them. Ancestors ought to remember they're dead, and they'd rather be burned, too, than be claimed as Polly's aunts."

"And the Star Pack-train?" "A half-interest, my dear, a half-interest, that's all."

"So you're in partnership?" "Why, no. Fact is, old Pete has been working thirty-five years, with his faithful eyes shining behind that half-it's silver now, eh? Well, I couldn't leave him in the lurch. And there's the Hudson's Bay to consider, with forts up north depending on us for supplies. And I suppose, when I come to think of it, I'm rather proud of the outfit. So, in my sentimental way, I made a deed by which Pete is managing owner, with a half-interest, while Polly is sleeping partner with no right to interfere."

"You've told Pete?" "No, I suppose I've got to own up."

"You don't want Pete to be cheated by his partners?" "You're right. Just open my desk and look inside. It's the paper on top."

I found and read the deed. "You've read it, of course," I said. "It was read to me by the lawyer chap. Isn't it all right?"

"Oh, yes," I managed to say, "it's all right—such funny legal jargon."

I looked at the names of the witnesses, Cultus, McTayish and Low-lived Joe, the worst characters in our district. The document read to the old blind man had been no doubt destroyed. The deed actually signed made Polly sole owner of the famous pack-train. My friend had been cheated.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THIS WOMAN'S SICKNESS

Quickly Yielded To Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Baltimore, Md. — "I am more than glad to tell what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound did for me. I suffered dreadful pains and was very irregular. I became alarmed and sent for Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I took it regularly until I was without a cramp or pain and felt like another person, and it has now been six months since I took any medicine at all. I hope my little note will assist you in helping other women. I now feel perfectly well and in the best of health." — Mrs. AUGUST W. KONDNER, 1632 Hollins Street, Baltimore, Md.



Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from native roots and herbs, contains no narcotic or harmful drugs, and to-day holds the record of being the most successful remedy for female ills we know of, and thousands of voluntary testimonials on file in the Pinkham laboratory at Lynn, Mass., seem to prove this fact.

For thirty years it has been the standard remedy for female ills, and has restored the health of thousands of women who have been troubled with such ailments as displacements, inflammation, ulceration, tumors, irregularities, etc.

If you want special advice write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., (confidential) Lynn, Mass. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman and held in strict confidence.

Many a fellow who isn't a magician turns night into day.

Nightly coughing and torturing throat-tickle quickly relieved by Dean's Mentholated Cough Drops—5c at all Druggists.

Time and tide wait for no man, but you can't make a woman believe it when she is trying on a new hat.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets regulate and invigorate stomach, liver and bowels. Sugar-coated, tiny granules. Easy to take as candy. Adv.

There's Many a Way. G. Roy Hill, secretary of the Automobile club of Minneapolis, has invented this:

A motorist was telling of a trip through the Red river valley. The party, he said, came to a stream, but the bridge had been washed away during a cloudburst.

"After we got on the other side we found ourselves on the finest kind of a road," he pursued.

"Yes," he was asked, "but how did you get your car across the stream?" "Oh, we just sat down and thought it over."

Public Opinion.

Public opinion is what we think other people are thinking; or it is what we think other people think we think. When we think we are thinking like other people, then we think they are thinking as we think. That is what we think is public opinion.

When we meet someone who does not think as we think, then we think that is not public opinion. When we meet, or hear of, a number who do not think as we think, then we think that what they are thinking is something contrary to what public opinion ought to be, and, indeed, will be, as soon as they all begin to think as we think they ought to think.

Public opinions of two kinds—what it is not, and what we think it is. On the other hand, what we think is public opinion may not be what we think it is.

Appetite Finds Ready Satisfaction

In a bowl of

Post Toasties

and Cream.

Thin, crisp bits of Indian Corn—cooked and toasted so that they have a delicious flavour—

Wholesome Nourishing Easy to Serve

—sold by Grocers everywhere.



BOTH GOOD AND BAD MEANING

Innumerable Superstitions Connected From Time Immemorial With Wild Creatures.

There are very many superstitions connected with wild animals. In the case of a lion, it is believed that the wearing of a claw of this animal will bring great strength.

People connected with circuses and shows have a saying that when lions get restless and uneasy, either ill luck or extremely bad weather is at hand, and that when they continually wash their faces in cat-like fashion they are likely to have fits of ill temper in the near future.

Numberless are the superstitions associated with the tiger. The natives of India believe that its whiskers are a deadly poison, and that when finely chopped and secretly put into a person's food they will assuredly cause death. What is known as the "evil eye" is greatly dreaded in India, and to avert this parents hang the claws of tigers round the necks of their children.

To see a wolf is supposed to be a

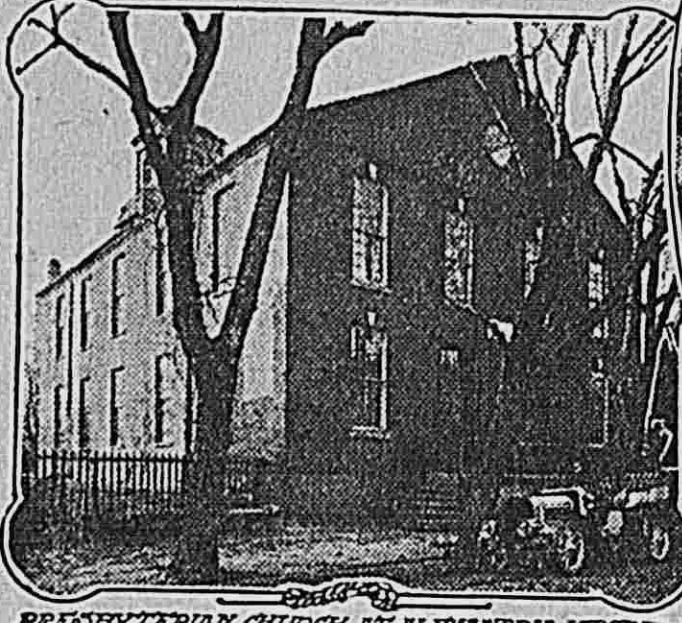
good sign, but if a man sees a wolf before the wolf sees him, then he will become dumb for the time or lose his voice.

For a hare to run across anyone's path is considered a very bad sign in some parts of England, because in olden times it was believed that witches transformed themselves into hares in order to bring bad luck to their enemies.

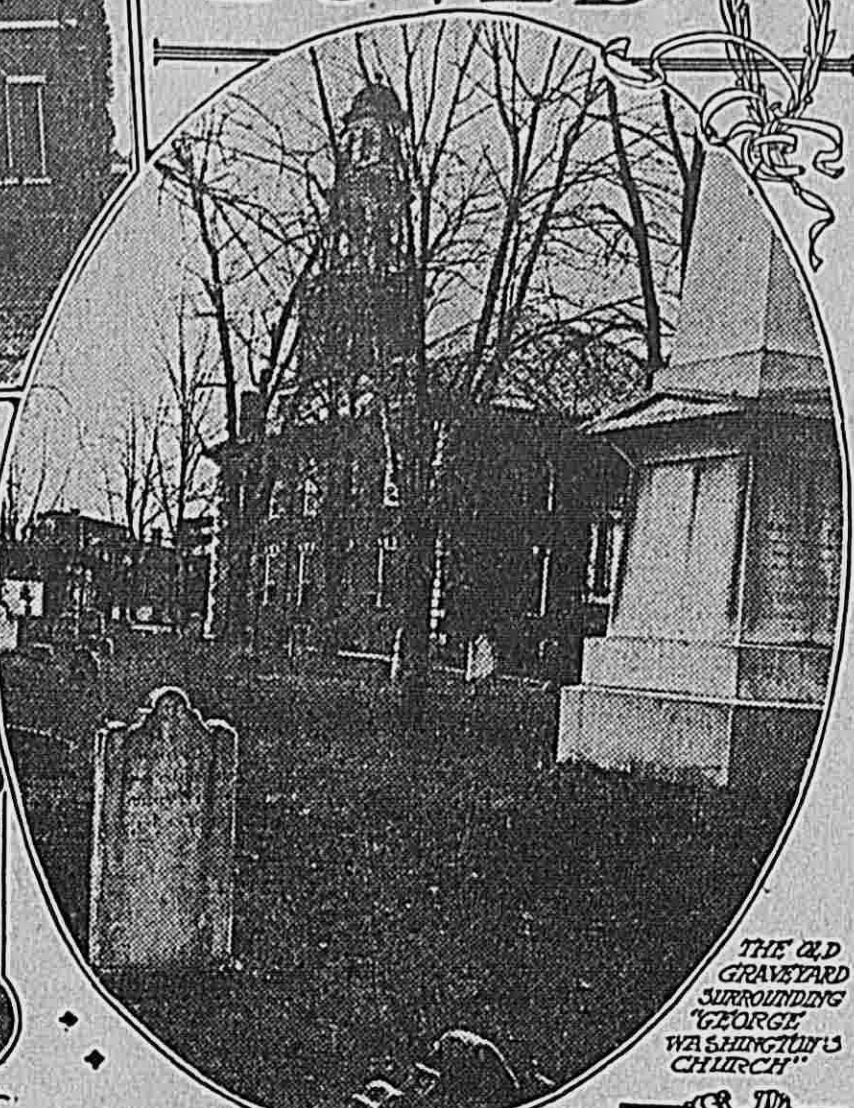
Companionship in Solitude. Solitude tries a man in a way society does not, it throws him upon his own resources, and if these resources be meager, if the ground he occupies in and of himself be poor and narrow he will have a sorry time of it. Hence we readily attribute some extra virtues to those persons who voluntarily embrace solitude, who live alone in the country or in the woods, or in the mountains and find it sweet. We know they cannot live without converse, without society, of some sort, and we credit them with the power of invoking it from themselves or else of finding more companionship with dumb things than with ordinary mortals.—John Burroughs.

TOWN WASHINGTON LOVED

THE RESIDENCE OF LORD FAIRFAX AT ALEXANDRIA, VA.



PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH AT ALEXANDRIA, VIRGINIA



THE OLD GRAVEYARD SURROUNDING GEORGE WASHINGTON'S CHURCH

WOMEN have done much at Alexandria, Va., to preserve the relics of the days of George Washington. It is not the capital of the nation, despite its name, that is richest in intimate associations with the life of the first president, but Alexandria, which stands midway between Mount Vernon and the city of Washington.

Alexandria played no small part in the formative years of Washington's youth and early manhood. A representative Virginia town, it stood then and for generations later for all that was best of colonial standards. Its people had much to do with the molding of Washington's character, and Washington richly repaid Alexandria, or Belle Haven as it was first called, by his ever falling concern for its welfare and advancement.

Probably no surviving structure in Alexandria harbored Washington within its hospitable walls more frequently than the old Carlyle house, and certainly none was more directly associated with the foundation of the military side of his life. Strange as it may seem, for many years this historical landmark has been hidden away behind the battered front of Alexandria's once noted hotel, the Braddock house, occupying one corner of the inner courtyard, shut away from the public gaze and denied the outlook of the broad approach which it once enjoyed in the days of its well nigh baronial importance. Until a few years ago the Carlyle house was largely used as a storage place by a local dealer in colonial antiques, but a few patriotic Virginia women saved the building from further indignity, though not entirely from danger, as the old furniture found a new abiding place within the still more inflammable Braddock house, adjoining.

In 1732 John S. Carlyle imported from the Isle of Wight the stone of which the house is built, and he absorbed for part of the foundation, a portion of an old fort, which had been built many years before for the protection of the English traders at Hunting Creek, as the place was then known, against the Indians. The barracks of that ancient defense became the cellar of the Carlyle house, and in those cool, dark, dry retreats were stored in Washington's day the bulging casks, cob-webbed bottles, and delicious old hams for which Virginia has long been noted.

Another part of the old fort forms the plaza at the rear of the house upon which the broad central hallway opens. It was upon this plaza, in the far away days, that the Carlyles and their guests gathered on summer evenings to discuss the questions of the time or to pass the hours chatting over a heartsome glass amid the soothing smoke of the fragrant Oronoko. It was there the young people watched the moon rise over the river and took their pleasures in the decorous manner of those days.

Then, the gardens ran down to the river's bank and overlooked the docks at which the trading craft were moored—trading craft that came from over

the seas to barter the silks and riches of the east and the tropic abundance of the West Indies in return for the famous tobacco with which Alexandria's one big warehouse was filled. That was a period of bounteous hospitality and courtly grace.

On the right of the broad hallway is the large drawing room. In Washington's day it was finished in gold and white, and there on many occasions he took an active part in ball and festivity and led many a fair Virginian through the stately steps of the minut and the less exacting reel. The hallway itself, if tradition be correct, is not without its sentimental interest, for it was at the foot of the beautiful staircase of solid mahogany that Washington awaited the coming of the lovely Sally Fairfax upon a particular evening and while escorting her into the ballroom offered her his heart, which she rejected.

On the opposite side of this same hall is the blue and white room, which was John Carlyle's particular retreat. Within that room Washington received his commission as a member of General Braddock's staff in 1755. What that meant to Washington we can only partly divine, but there is no doubt of its significance to us as a nation because of what it taught him of the fighting ways of the British soldier.

From the broad portico of Mount Vernon Washington saw Braddock arrive with his transports and his regiments of red coated soldiery and pass onward to Alexandria, nine miles above, coming with the splendid traditions of the king's troops and with all the martial fanfare of regulars. As a leader of the local provincial troops Washington had won for himself a creditable renown, but here were soldiers supposedly of sterner stuff and higher military capabilities.

General Braddock promptly accepted the hospitable invitation of John Carlyle and established his headquarters under the roof of that gracious host, the little blue and white room becoming the council chamber in which were planned the preparations for that memorable but ill fated campaign against the Indians. Washington's previous experience as a leader of local troops against the savages made him welcome at those conferences and his keen judgment and practical advice earned for him Braddock's admiration and the invitation to serve upon the British general's staff. It is enough to add that in the trying work that followed the British records testify that "the Virginia officers and troops behaved like men and died like soldiers," and Washington came out of the strife unscathed and riper for the far more serious task that lay ahead of him.

The architectural student will find much to interest him and to warrant study in the Carlyle house. The old windows, the doorways, the primitive cupboards, chairboards, doorsteps, cornices, molding, etc., are exquisite in taste and rich in quaintness and elegance of detail. There they are as they were in Washington's time, and in common with the rest of the mansion are regarded as among the best specimens of the so-called colonial style.

In February, 1752, a market was in-

stituted in Alexandria and the citizens were justly proud of their enterprise. The market place then lay directly in front of the approach to the Carlyle house and that same mart of country produce was intimately identified with Washington's domestic life at Mount Vernon and was one other means of displaying his common sense. We of today know but little of the hardships of that colonial period, and feasting was not always as abundant as the story book would have it. Rev. Mr. Weems, that chatty chronicler of the times, tells us that Alexandria then boasted more rightly of its beauty than its means of charming the palate.

"The neighborhood of Belle Haven was not a desert; on the contrary it was in many places a garden spot, abounding with luxuries. But its inhabitants, the wealthy, were not wise. By the successful culture of tobacco they had money. And having filled their coach houses with gilt carriages and their dining rooms with gilt glasses they began to look down upon the poorer sort and to talk about families."

"Of course it would never do for such great people to run market carts! Hence the poor Belle Havenites, though embosomed in plenty, were often in danger of gnawing their nails. And unless they could cater a lamb from some good natured 'cracker' or a leash of chickens from the Sunday negroes were obliged to sit down with long faces to a half graced dinner of salt meat and journey cake."

"This was the order of the day, A. D. '59, when Washington, just married to the wealthy young widow Custis, had settled at Mount Vernon, nine miles below Belle Haven. The unpleasant situation of the families at that place soon reached his ears. To a man of his character, with too much spirit to follow a bad example when he had the power to set a good one and too much wit to look for happiness anywhere but in his own bosom, it could not long be questionable what part he had to act."

"A market cart was instantly constructed, and regularly three times a week sent off to Belle Haven filled with nice roasters, kidney covered lamb and veal, green geese, fat ducks and gobblers, chickens by the basket, fresh butter, new laid eggs, vegetables and fruits of all sorts. Country gentlemen dining with their friends in town very soon remarked the welcome change in diet. 'Bless us all,' exclaimed they, 'what's the meaning of this? You invited us to family fare, and here you have given us a lord mayor's feast.' 'Yes,' replied the others, 'thank God for sending a Colonel Washington into our neighborhood.'"

Cut Off.
The world is well aware that a stern kaiser has forbidden his officers to dance the tango or to go to tango parties. They say that a young lieutenant met a friend in the streets of Berlin the other day and embraced him with fervor.

"I'm dying of loneliness!" said the lieutenant.
"What!" said the friend, "lonely in Berlin!"
"Just that," returned the other. "You can't go to anybody's house any more. They all dance the tango."—New York Evening Post.

Jefferson McAddister would like to speak with him? Yes, that's the name, McAddister, journalist.
(The other reporters listen in awestruck silence.)
The New Reporter—Is this really Mr. Devo? My name is—Ah, you recognize my voice? You perhaps remember that I interviewed you yesterday? What's that? Best report? Oh, thank you! You're very kind. I tried to make it so. Has anything turned up in regard to that case since noon? Well, sorry to trouble you. Eh? Din-

Dangerous Mistake.
A hobby is all right, as long as you don't mistake it for a principle.

You'll wake up with a good taste in your mouth

if you chew this after
every meal.

The refreshing
digestion aiding
mint leaf juice
does it.



This
clean, pure,
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purifies your mouth
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BUY IT BY THE BOX

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Chew it after every meal

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6

Their Dull Lives.
"Rich women have no real joys."
"No; the stores never have a clear-
ance sale of diamond necklaces."

Important to Mothers
Examine carefully every bottle of
CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for
infants and children, and see that it
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Signature of *Dr. J. C. Fletcher*
In Use For Over 30 Years.
Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria

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Only One "BROMO QUININE"
To get the genuine, call for full name, LAXA-
TIVE BROMO QUININE. Look for signature of
E. W. GROVE. Cures a Cold in One Day. 25c.

Not one is perfect. Even a mule can
learn something about kicking from a
man.

Use Roman Eye Balm for scalding sen-
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eyelids. Adv.

The puny child of poor parents
would be delicate if they were rich.

Putnam Fadeless Dyes are the easi-
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Most anything is doubtful that poses
as a sure thing.

READERS of this paper desiring
to buy anything advertised
in its columns should insist upon having what
they ask for, refusing all substitutes or imitations.

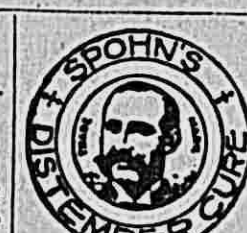
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Stomachs** Napoleon so said. A man
with a weak stomach is
pretty sure to be a poor fighter. It is difficult—
almost impossible—for anyone, man or woman,
if digestion is poor, to succeed in business or
socially—or to enjoy life. In tablet or liquid form

**Dr. Pierce's
Golden Medical Discovery**
helps weak stomachs to strong, healthy action—
helps them to digest the food that makes the good,
rich, red blood which nourishes the entire body.
This vegetable remedy, to a great extent, puts
the liver into activity—oils the machinery of
the human system so that those who spend their working hours at the desk,
behind the counter, or in the home are rejuvenated into vigorous health.

Has brought relief to many thousands every year for over forty years. It can
relieve you and doubtless restore to you your former health and strength. At
least you owe it to yourself to give it a trial. Sold by Medicine Dealers or send for
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doses often cure a case. One 5-cent bottle guaranteed to do so. Best thing
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FARMS
With Your Home Already Built
IN SOUTHEASTERN MISSISSIPPI
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Land fenced and cleared ready for the
plow, a good new house, barn and deep
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our 80-acre "READY-TO-FARM" FARMS
on very easy terms. Five years to pay
without interest. No extreme heat or
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truck crop, or three truck crops on the
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truly successful farming. We run per-
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particulars and map of Mississippi.

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they ask for, refusing all substitutes or imitations.

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CHILD'S GIANT SUMMER COSMOS
Is positively the most superb
and beautiful garden flower
known. Blooms profusely
from June to Nov., with plants
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W. N. U., CHICAGO, NO. 7-1914.

HAD THE STAFF GUESSING

New Reporter's Monumental Bluff Al-
most Deserved to Succeed, But
He Overlooked One Point.

The New Reporter (going to the tele-
phone and ostentatiously starting the
machinery)—Hello, central! Let me
have 2745 C, please. (A pause.) You
silly little thing! No, I said twenty-
seven. Twenty-sev—Hello! Is that
2745 C? Is Mr. Sawgortee Devo in
the office? Will you tell him that Mr.

Jefferson McAddister would like to
speak with him? Yes, that's the name,
McAddister, journalist.

(The other reporters listen in awe-
struck silence.)

The New Reporter—Is this really
Mr. Devo? My name is—Ah, you
recognize my voice? You perhaps re-
member that I interviewed you yester-
day? What's that? Best report? Oh,
thank you! You're very kind. I tried
to make it so. Has anything turned
up in regard to that case since noon?
Well, sorry to trouble you. Eh? Din-

ner? You're extremely kind. At Sher-
ry's? What? And a bottle? (Surging
interest in the entire staff.) It's aw-
fully kind of you. Well, say Tuesday
at eight. But really I—

City Editor (in his everyday voice)
—I have some work here, McAddister,
when you are quite through talking to
yourself. That telephone has been dis-
connected since morning.—Puck.

Dangerous Mistake.
A hobby is all right, as long as you
don't mistake it for a principle.

RURAL NEWS ITEMS

LAKE VILLA

George Mitchell spent Sunday in Chicago.

Chas. Richards and daughters of Antioch spent Saturday here.

Otto Lehmann and party spent Sunday at Maple Lane Farm.

Work on George Brompton's cottage next to his son's house has begun.

Ray Kerr and Miss Ella Johnson were over Sunday guests at the Kerr home.

R. E. Hussey and Miss Margaret Weber took in a play in the city Tuesday.

Mrs. Edna Gilmore of Waukegan has been spending sometime with her sister, Mrs. Nelson.

James Leonard takes part in a play at Libertyville this week, given by the Deerfield Dramatic club.

Mrs. J. Mitchell, Mrs. Carl Miller and Miss Margaret Mitchell were Chicago visitors last week.

John Rowling, with his daughter Mrs. Shephardson spent the week with Mr. and Mrs. Dawson at Morton park.

Mr. and Mrs. Norman Lentzner of Oakfield, Wis., were guests of friends here from Friday to Sunday evening.

Ice-cutting has begun in earnest after our recent cold wave, and horses and men are busy putting up the annual supply of ice.

Herbert Nelson is able to be out again after quite a severe injury caused by a blow from an iron pipe while the well was being repaired.

BRISTOL

C. M. Bishop spent last week in Chicago.

F. R. Snyder spent last Thursday in Kenosha.

Mrs. A. H. Bottley of Walworth, spent last week here.

Herman Smith of New Munster, was seen here Thursday.

C. H. Whitcher made a business trip to Kenosha last Thursday.

R. E. Murdock attended the Hardware convention at Milwaukee.

B. S. Benson and Andrew Hanson were in Kenosha last Wednesday.

Jimmie Hanson formerly of this place is very sick in a Kenosha hospital.

Miss Florence Murdock of Racine spent Sunday with her parents here.

Mrs. Clarence Bolton and Minnie Molesky were in Kenosha Wednesday.

Quite a few from here started work on the ice at Paddock's Lake Monday.

Miss Patra Hanson is now a Normal graduate, having finished the completed course at Whitewater.

Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Brown entertained a few friends Saturday evening in honor of their guest, Mrs. Bottley of Walworth.

Don't forget the last number of the Lyceum course to be given in the Bristol hall on Saturday night, Feb. 14, Osceola Pooler in a unique program of reading.

SILVER LAKE

Alice Miller visited friends here last week Friday.

Miss Florence Mathews spent Saturday in Burlington.

Mrs. Dixon of Union Grove, was a visitor here last week.

Mrs. Dewitt Dixon visited at McHenry part of last week.

Owen Runyard and wife of Sullivan, Wis., visited here Thursday.

Mrs. Theo. Hueming of Burlington visited here one day last week.

Martie Schenning is clerking in Dalton's store, during ice cutting.

Roy Bufton attended the hardware convention in Milwaukee recently.

Miss Margaret Gallagher attended church in Burlington last Friday morning.

Mrs. VanWie celebrated her eighty-first birthday last Monday, with a postal card shower. She received over one-hundred.

Need Fear No Enemy.

The gigantic devilfish of southern waters, which will grow to 20 feet in width, bears but a single young one at a birth, the mother retaining it inside her body until it has grown to be four feet broad. The youthful devil fish coming into the world so big is in but little danger of an enemy.

RUSSELL

Everyone is enjoying the sleighing. Asher Crittenden is visiting at Grayslake.

Allen Dixon our tax collector is busy on his books.

Many attended the Farmer's Institute at Gurnee on Friday.

Clifford Chase of Portland, Oregon, called on friends here Sunday.

J. H. Kelly will give another dance on Friday evening. All are invited.

Miss Esther Bushman left for Chicago Saturday where she will stay for some time.

John McCann died at Waukegan on Monday night after a short illness. He has made his home around Russell the past year.

Murrie Bros., have added a new addition to their barns, expecting to put in a milking machine in the near future.

HICKORY

Mrs. Simon Ames spent Saturday at Gurnee and was accompanied home by her mother.

The cemetery society meets February 19th, at the church. Dinner served by Mrs. Hollenbeck and Savage.

On last week Saturday Agnes Pedersen entertained a few of her friends and school-mates in honor of her 12th birthday.

Mr. and Mrs. D. B. Webb gave a six o'clock dinner party last Thursday evening to the friends and neighbors on Webb street in honor of Mr. and Mrs. R. Worth.

On Thursday evening of last week the many friends of Mr. and Mrs. Rollo Worth of Webb street gave them a kitchen shower. Mr. and Mrs. Worth left Friday morning to their new home at Gurnee.

MILLBURN

A. Trux spent Thursday in Chicago.

Earl Crawford attended the Farmer's Institute Thursday.

Will McCarthy and wife were Waukegan visitors Friday.

Frank Crawford and wife of Russell spent Sunday at J. Chopes'.

Miss Jean Armour returned home Friday from Round Lake.

Ray Bocken of Chicago visited several days with his mother.

Harriet Williams, reader, will be at Millburn church, Monday evening, February, 16.

Quality of Your Thoughts. The happiness of your life depends upon the quality of your thoughts; therefore guard accordingly.—Marcus Aurelius.

Question of Sentiment. If you like the girl, she's vivacious; otherwise, she's too blamed noisy.—Atchison Globe.

British Fond of Hunting. How greatly hunting enters into British social life is shown in the fact that there are, according to a recent computation, 456 recognized packs of hounds in the United Kingdom. Of these England has 384 packs, Ireland 75 packs, and Scotland 17 packs. In round numbers, the packs which hunt the fox and deer total some 9,000 couples of hounds, while of harriers and beagles there are 3,500 couples.

Took His Chance. "I suppose, my poor man," said the woman missionary, "that you never had a chance." "I certainly had, mum," replied the convict. "I took it, and that's why I'm here."

Origin Not to Be Traced. Outside of Ulster the Irish are mainly of Celtic stock, but their origin is lost in antiquity.

Economical production is essential in successful manufacturing. But its realization demands the conditions for it.

If any plant large or small is fitted with steam driven machinery, its operating expense figures out one of the largest items in the general cost sheet. It throws away power at many places between the engine and the tool. Follows then that a form of energy that delivers its maximum at the point wanted, writes this item in lower figures. You have that in **Electric Power**

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If you operate any kind of machinery let us talk to you about Electric Power

Public Service Co. OF NORTHERN ILLINOIS

Bell System



The Germans have a happy way of noting down the birthdays and anniversary dates of their relatives, friends and acquaintances, and sending some little token each year at the right moment.

This is a practice worth adopting in the typical American way, extending congratulations over the telephone. Letters of congratulation lack the warmth of feeling that lies in the spoken word.

The Long Distance Telephone is easier, quicker and less formal than a letter. It is more considerate and carries the intimate personal touch so likely to be lost otherwise.

Use the Long Distance Lines

CHICAGO TELEPHONE COMPANY

Chas. T. Ford, District Manager

Farm Interests

Edited by HENRY G. BELL
Agronomist Middle West Soil Improvement Committee—Chicago—of the National Fertilizer Association
Formerly Professor of Agronomy and Manager of Farms, University of Maine
Asst. Professor of Farm Crops, Iowa State College of Agriculture, Ames

"Experience Has Shown That the Right Use of Fertilizers, Barn Manure, Proper Tillage, Good Seed and Crop Rotations, Insure Farm Prosperity."

THE NEW GRADES FOR CORN.

Mr. Clark S. Wheeler, Ohio College of Agriculture, discusses this very interesting subject in a recent issue of the Ohio Farmer. In part he says: "The new grades for corn do not present a radical departure from the present system. They seek, rather, a more complete realization of those ends sought but only partially accomplished under the present system."

What then determines the quality of commercial corn? First of all is the presence of moisture. Corn is valued largely according to the amount of water it contains. "There are two reasons why this difference in moisture content should exercise such an influence on the price of corn. In the first place, water is not corn. The more water we have in a bushel, the less corn we have."

At first thought, it might seem as if the difference were trivial, but an examination of the accompanying table will show what a difference a few per cent. in the moisture content makes: "Table Showing Effect of Moisture on Value of Corn."

Proposed new grade	Moisture value, per cent.	Comparative value, per bushel
1	14.0	\$2.04
2	15.5	\$1.12
Standard	17.5	\$0.00
3	19.5	\$0.88
4	21.5	\$0.72
5	23.0	\$0.56
Sample grade	(25%)	\$0.39

"When corn containing 17 1/2 per cent. of moisture is quoted at 50 cents per bushel, corn containing four per cent. of moisture is worth only 47 1/2, from the mere fact that there is less corn. As a matter of fact, it is not worth that much for reasons which will be shown later. Likewise, corn containing 3 1/2 per cent. less moisture, is worth 52 cents a bushel. Between corn containing 25 per cent. moisture and that with a content of 14 per cent. there is a difference of nearly seven cents a bushel, all on account of the moisture content."

Maturity the Great Question. The importance of maturity in corn cannot be over-estimated. The farmer of the middle west annually invests millions of dollars in his corn crop. It is dollars and cents to him to influence the quality of his crop so that he may reap the greatest return possible on his investment.

There are at least three definite causes for immaturity of corn. (1st) At harvest time, climatic conditions vary. Within the last decade there have been years when a great deal of rain fell during the latter part of the ripening season. Such a condition makes it almost impossible for corn to dry out.

(2d) In the farmer's anxiety to grow more corn per acre, he has sometimes purchased seed of a long-eared variety or strain of corn, grown a hundred miles south of him. As a rule, such corn has been produced where there is a growing season from 10 to 15 days longer than that which is enjoyed in his district. When such seed is planted the result nearly always is that the first killing frost of autumn catches his corn when the ears are well formed, but before the kernels have become solid and ripe.

(3d) The most serious cause of immature corn in the middle west is undoubtedly the falling supply of that element of plantfood which goes to the maturing of the ear—namely, phosphoric acid. A chemical analysis of corn belt soil shows it to be lacking in this important element of plantfood. Undoubtedly, every farmer reading this article has found that his corn crops are harder to mature as the years go by. This is because available phosphoric acid is too limited at the time the corn needs it for the maturing of the crop.

In growing corn that will grade high, it is important to give the crop an early, vigorous start and to hasten the filling of the kernels and ripening of the ears. Many successful farmers in the Middle West are finding it profitable to supplement barn manure with a liberal application of a fertilizer carrying a medium to small supply of ammonia, a large supply of available phosphoric acid and a moderate supply of potash. It is common practice to apply this through the fertilizer dropping attachment of the corn planter.

Corn plants that have a good supply of available nitrogen, start an early vigorous growth before the temperature of the soil is sufficiently high to invigorate the bacteria which let loose the organic ammonia in the soil. When the ears are formed, the important thing is to have an abundant supply of available phosphoric acid combined with potash, which causes the maximum filling of the kernel. If such provision was more generally observed by the good farmers of the Middle West, who are giving such wise care to preparation of seed bed and cultivation of the corn crop, undoubtedly the records would show great increases in the higher grades of corn. Sound, well-matured corn has been found by leading experiment stations to be much more profitable in feedings than immature, unsound corn.

FERTILIZING FOR A SINGLE CROP.

(From Wallace Farmer, January 16 and 23.)

A Missouri subscriber writes: "I have some land rented for this year that has been rented a number of years, and put in corn, and I will have to plant corn on some of it again. What kind of fertilizer is best for corn, and what kind is best for oats, where the object is to get the most money out of the crop the first year for the amount expended, without regard to how the physical condition of the soil is left? Barnyard manure is not available."

In regard to the problem of our Missouri correspondent, as presented in our issue of January 16, Professor Miller, of the Missouri experiment station, writes:

"Replying to your correspondent's inquiry regarding the best fertilizer for corn in Pulaski county, Missouri, regardless of the effect upon the land, I will say that the application of 80 to 100 pounds of fertilizer in the hill or drill with a fertilizer planter is to be recommended on land of fair fertility in that section. The kind of fertilizer to use is preferably one of the mixed fertilizers, containing around two or three per cent. nitrogen, eight or ten per cent. available phosphoric acid, and two to five per cent. potash. Our experiments have shown that what is called a 2-3-2 fertilizer in the hill for corn, applied at the rate of 100 pounds per acre, is very often just as good as a higher grade fertilizer, such as a 3-3-5. So much depends upon seasons that no absolute recommendations can be made. A dry season with over 100 pounds of fertilizer in the hill or drill almost invariably results in some firing of the corn. In moist seasons, 150 pounds per acre may pay better than 80 or 100 pounds. Per dollar invested in fertilizer, however, the smaller applications are invariably the more remunerative, consequently our general recommendation is to apply not over 100 pounds per acre. Bone meal applied at the same rates gives very good satisfaction, but in general the mixed fertilizers are preferable."

"On very thin land in southern Missouri (and Pulaski county has a good deal of this kind of land), the application of larger quantities of fertilizer, usually from 150 to 200 pounds per acre, with a fertilizer drill ahead of the planter, is more remunerative than hill fertilization alone, or what is sometimes done, apply 150 to 200 pounds of fertilizer with a fertilizer drill and 50 to 75 pounds in the hill, or drill with a fertilizer planter. The fertilizers to use in this case are the same as indicated above for the land of fair fertility. On lands of medium fertility, however, it does not pay nearly so well to apply large amounts of fertilizer ahead of the planter. It is best in such cases to depend more upon hill fertilization for the immediate corn crop."

It should, of course, be understood that these recommendations are for renters or for men who must have an immediate crop. The man who is not pushed for immediate returns should not depend upon fertilizers alone, but should combine the use of fertilizers in this way with other more constructive systems of soil management, such as rotation, manuring and legume growing."

A Suitable Home for Bacteria. Bacteria, like all other forms of life, must have suitable living quarters. There are two great classes of bacteria. One class likes to live in places where very little air and no sunlight reaches them. They are destructive in nature, and if allowed to reproduce in quantity, they let loose valuable plantfood from manures and soils. The second class loves the air, but must not have the sunlight. In fact, sunlight is deadly to all bacteria. They benefit the soil and thrive when there is sufficient circulation of air and sufficient moisture and organic matter to maintain them. These bacteria require food rich in nitrogen. In the soil, bacteria find suitable material on which to live in rotting vegetable or animal matter. This fact suggests a point of great importance to the farmer. He must keep his soil well stocked with organic matter or humus if bacteria in his soil are to thrive. Moreover, he must keep the soil sweet. Bacteria cannot live in a sour soil. Sourness is indicated by the lack of clover or presence of moss or sorrel on the soil. The fact that beneficial bacteria are so dependent upon air, points out to the farmer that it is necessary to keep his soils in a good state of tilth.

How Fertilizers Help Bacteria. Besides the soil being sweet and well tilled, bacteria will thrive best where there is a good supply of available plantfood. Doctor Lipman, director of New Jersey experiment station, says: "We have been carrying on some work on the effect of various fertilizer materials on the activity of soil bacteria. We find that lime, soluble phosphates and nitrates stimulate the activities of ammonifying bacteria. These and other ingredients also stimulate the development of other soil bacteria."

In view of the great work that bacteria are doing for the farmer, it is greatly to his profit to keep his soil well drained and see that organic matter is replenished as needed, that the soil is sweet, and above all, that there is an abundant supply of available plantfood. Some of the plantfood, of course, comes from manure, but that which invigorates bacterial activity, and consequently means more fertile soil, is very profitably supplied by a liberal application of suitable fertilizers.

"WAS SO LIKE A MAN"

By CLIFTON BINGHAM.

"It was so like a man!" That was what the girl said. The girl's name was Cloude Martyn, and she had just become disengaged to the man in question. That sounds so much nicer than saying she had jilted him; which, in fact, was not quite the truth, because it was Cloude's mother who had persuaded her to see the attractions, personal and real, of Somebody Else in a brighter and more vivid light than those possessed by the Man.

She had been engaged to the Man two months, and disengaged to him exactly two hours. She had been very fond of him at the outset.

His position was excellent, and his morals unimpeachable, barring the fact that he had been known to attend morning service at St. John's in boating flannels. But Mrs. Martyn had discovered Somebody Else whose position was even more excellent still, and whose moral character possessed no flaw whatever. An imperceptible change occurred in Cloude's manner towards the Man. The Man, though a mere Man, noticed it. He spoke; she resented it; they quarreled; it was all over.

"How would he take it?" thought Cloude. Of course, obviously, like a Man—fighting.

"If you do not write me," he told her, "by six o'clock today, recalling all you have said I will shoot myself. I don't care. It sounds bombast, but tomorrow you will know that it is not. I mean it. I will not give you up; and if you throw me over, I will do as I have said."

"It was so like a Man!" said Cloude. But though she laughed when the Man had gone away, she did feel a tiny bit uneasy at heart about him. He had been very fond of her, very true to her, and was really a man, not a love-sick boy.

The Man strode away with a set face. His pride had been touched to the quick; and he cared for her. Little light flirtations he had had by the score. But nothing had ever gone so deeply with him as this.

He had believed in her thoroughly, though she had been cold to him sometimes, at others coquettish, and at no time at all demonstrative. Still, she was a woman. He could not expect her to show him such devotion as was in his heart for her, and which he, being a man, was afforded many opportunities of displaying. And now, she had thrown him over. "It was so like a woman!" said the Man, bitterly.

He strode home, shut himself into his room, and sat down to wait until six o'clock.

It was a pleasant after-dinner for cycling. The Rivercourt road was fairly level and seldom very muddy. Cloude cycled well, and, being a hearty, healthy English girl, enjoyed her spin immensely. Now and then she bethought herself of her lover and smiled. She met Somebody Else a mile out of Rivercourt, and returned his bow with a pretty blush.

Rivercourt church chimed rang out the half-hour past six. Cloude's heart gave a great spring within her. Suppose—suppose—suppose he should have meant what he said! She was riding past the river now, and the light was beginning to fade. The running stream looked suggestive of horror. Oh! why had she not written? She could have written and temporized, that would have been easy. But it was too late.

A shot rang out on the darkening air. It struck a pang of fear to Cloude's heart. Her knees trembled so that she could not ride. She dismounted and wheeled her machine beside her until she reached a seat beside the river. She sat down and tried to think what to do.

Some one sitting upon the next seat struck a match and lit a cigarette. Something in the action seemed familiar. Cloude rose to her feet and began to totter tremblingly towards the smoker. At the same moment he rose and went towards the river. As he stood looking at the turbid stream, rapidly darkening in the twilight, something silvery, shining, suggestive, gleamed in his hand.

Cloude gave a wild rush forward and almost fell at his feet.

"Frank, Frank, no!" she cried, and burst into incoherent tears.

Picking her up, and putting his arms about her, the Man kissed her tenderly.

"My darling, what is the matter?"

It was some moments before Cloude could speak.

"Say you did not mean it—say you did not mean it!" she cried, clinging to her old lover.

"Mean what?" said the Man.

"What you told me."

For answer the Man kissed her mouth, now uplifted to his.

"But that—that in your hand?"

"The silver cigarette case you gave me on my birthday, Cloude dear."

"Oh!"

"What did you think it was?" demanded the Man. Then a light broke in upon him; to his credit be it said that though tempted to laugh, he gathered the woman he loved into his arms, and kissed her again and again.

"I need not write, Frank?" said she, through her tears.

"No," said the Man.

"And you will not shoot—ugh—yourself?"

"No," said the Man.

"Kiss me, kiss me, Frank!"

It was so like a woman! But the Man kissed her, and said nothing. So like a Man!